The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1924 No. 3096

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 481
EDITORIALS:
- Aftermath 484
- A Jolt for the Judges 485
- In the Air 485
- The Few *vs.* the Good 486
- *The Nation's* Poetry Prize 486

MASTER ANATOLE. By John Macy 487
THE UNPOPULARITY OF ANATOLE FRANCE. By Ernest Boyd 488
ANATOLE FRANCE—THE HOST. By Pitts Sanborn 489
NOSTALGIA. By David Morton 490
THE CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT DOES ITS BIT. By Max Stern 491
THE LINE-UP IN WASHINGTON STATE. By John Nicholas Beffel .. 492
CRYSTAL-GAZING FOR PARTIES. By William Hard 493
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 494
A COMMUNICATION 494
CORRESPONDENCE 495
BOOKS:
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 497
- A Tribute to a Master Mind. By Joseph Jastrow 498
- Casanova and Galahad. By Joseph Wood Krutch 499
- Eagle Forgotten. By David E. Lilienthal 499
- Imaginary Souls. By R. F. Dibble 500
- A Savage Kaleidoscope. By Alexander Goldenweiser 500
- Books in Brief 501

DRAMA:
- Two Comedies. By Joseph Wood Krutch 501

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- The Fight Against Opium 503
- British Labor and Chinese Brigands 503

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

PUBLICATION OF THE INCOME-TAX returns aroused a ridiculous furore. Back in civil-war days income-tax returns were made public, and business survived. It is difficult to understand the bitterness and violence of the outcry. Possibly some men of great wealth have been educated to the point of being a little ashamed of their own wealth; others may dislike the suspicions inevitably associated with their low payments. Blackmail is possible only where there is something to be concealed. Mr. Mellon, who paid an income tax of $1,173,987, will of course meet mocking laughter if he continues to argue that the present rate is too high to be productive. Publicity might, indeed, go further still. It would be a healthy thing to know just how much tax-exempt income the large taxpayers have; something is needed to awaken the country to the gigantic loss of income due to the continued issue of tax-exempt securities, supplying a government-guaranteed escape from taxpaying for those who are satisfied with the low return on such bonds.

ONE PART OF THE OUTCRY is justified: the complaint against the incredibly bungling way in which the publication of the tax-returns was handled. Mr. Coolidge's message approving the tax bill expressly suggested that he would attempt to have the publicity provision repealed before it went into effect, and there was plenty of time to do that. The Treasury, however, without warning, released the figures; then, after the newspapers had set the tables in type, issued a second proclamation declaring that while the tax statements were open to public scrutiny they must not be printed in the newspapers! Some newspapers printed them; some did not. After a night of reflection the Treasury changed its mind again; the question of legality, it declared, was doubtful; newspapers printing the lists must do so at their own risks. Such amateurishness is inexcusable. There may be room for two interpretations of the law but the Treasury should have decided which it would support, and the senators who passed the publicity clause by a vote of 48 to 27, only the Old Guard dissenting, will have cause for indignation if its plain intent is smothered by an official ruling.

WHAT MR. COOLIDGE DID or didn't do in the Boston police strike in 1919 is again under discussion because of objections raised by the *Post* of that city to statements put out by the Democratic National Committee. The *Post*, an occasionally Democratic newspaper, came out for Mr. Coolidge this year, but showed more zeal than information in trying to make the police strike redound to his honor and to the discredit of Andrew J. Peters, mayor of Boston at the time of the trouble. The *Post* was obliged to retract its statement that Mayor Peters spent the night following the walk-out incomunicado at his country home, and has not been able to prove that Mr. Coolidge, the Governor of Massachusetts, told Mr. Peters previous to the strike that he was ready to call out the National Guard if the mayor would ask for it. The only adequate, first-hand story of the strike is contained in the report of the citizens' committee headed by James J. Storrow, of Lee, Higginson and Company. This report, the truth of which has never been disputed by Mr. Coolidge, states that Mr. Peters and other members of the citizens' committee called on the governor on the day before the strike "and expressed their strong conviction as to the necessity of troops to the number of not less than three to four thousand to be present in Boston on the following day at 5.45 p. m., either upon the streets or ready in the armories." To this the governor sent a formal reply the next day which concluded: "I am unable to discover any action that I can take."

ALL THIS is only a minor issue. The important point is that Governor Coolidge did not break the strike nor restore law and order to the city after it. We presented the facts in an article in *The Nation* of December 10, 1919, and discussed them in considerable detail again in an editorial in the issue of August 15, 1923, directly after Mr. Coolidge became President. Before the police strike actually took place public sentiment in Massachusetts was fairly evenly divided on the issues, and Mr. Coolidge, although unquestionably opposed to the police, did not dare *for political reasons* to take a public stand. The police

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walked out on Tuesday, September 9, and that night there was disorder and rioting. The next day Mayor Peters called out that part of the State Guard which was quartered in Boston, the law giving him the authority to do this in the face of riot but not otherwise. "By Thursday morning order had been generally restored in the city," says the report of the citizens' committee. "On Thursday afternoon, September 11, the governor assumed control of the situation, as indicated by his proclamation of that day." In other words, Mr. Coolidge waited until it was all over and then mobilized the entire State Guard. Why? Because in the presence of disorder public opinion had finally swung strongly against the police and Mr. Coolidge saw political advantage in such action. His bombastic phrases about "law and order" were circulated throughout a nation that knew nothing of the basic facts, and thus was built the myth —the falsehood—that made Calvin Coolidge Vice-President and eventually President of the United States.

IT WAS TYPICAL of Calvin Coolidge that he should make his chief address of the campaign before the United States Chamber of Commerce. It represents the kind of business which he sincerely believes holds the destiny of the nation in its hands. His speech, too, was typical of him. It was long-winded and wordy, which, we are coming to learn, is characteristic of "Silent Cal." It did not mention oil, labor, the Ku Klux Klan, campaign contributions, or the scandals in the Cabinet—and on these matters he has earned the right to be called "silent." Mr. Coolidge repeated Mr. Mellon's curious argument that "a larger amount of money can be collected from large incomes at a moderate rate than at a high rate." The figures for 1922—the last available—showed that the present rates were not, as Mr. Mellon had argued, too high; the return, even from the largest incomes, is increasing, and the people are content with that situation. Mr. Coolidge proceeded to argue that high taxes had checked business, and then lauded our present economic situation to the skies—which was hardly consistent. He compared wage scales in Europe and in America, and suggested that the difference was due to our high tariff—forgetting, apparently, that Europe had just been through a war and in addition had high tariffs of her own.

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, attorney for Senator Newberry and for John F. Sinclair, has discovered a plot. The La Follette movement, he says, is a Moscow product. Unlike T. V. O'Connor, who charged at Buffalo that Moscow money sent via Mexico financed La Follette, and at Washington pleaded that he had heard only "rumors" and could not remember from whom he had heard them—unlike Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Littleton is ready to produce a name and a date to prove his story. A man named Schwarzkopf, who once went to Washington with Ludwig Martens, he solemnly asserts, is now "second in command" of La Follette-Wheeler local headquarters in New York City. In the language of Huckleberry Finn, one is tempted to mutter "Gosh!" Mr. Schwarzkopf, who was an assistant district attorney under Theodore Roosevelt, says he was seeking contracts from Martens, and he recalls that Mr. Littleton's client, Harry Sinclair, has been to Moscow seeking oil contracts from the Bolsheviks. If going to Washington with Martens proves him a Communist, Schwarzkopf says, Sinclair's oil concessions must make him "arch-agent of the Moscow Government and chief kleagle of the big Red plot." Meanwhile, George R. Lockwood, the man who helped Daugherty invent the Wheeler indictment, has made up a new one. La Follette, he says, is in the pay of Wall Street —his paper has accepted advertising from the sugar trust and the telephone trust and the radio trust! These Republican orators seem to step on each other's toes. Must we assume that the soviet agent is in the pay of Wall Street? If we must read fairy-tales we would rather stick to Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm.

THE EXPECTED IS HAPPENING in China. The Powers, eagerly shepherding the property rights of their subjects, are beginning open intervention. How much "suggesting" and underhand aiding they have already done is disputed. The Japanese insist that the Americans have illegally supplied Wu Pei-fu with arms; the Americans and British charge the Japanese with aid to Chang Tso-lin; and probably both are right. Meanwhile Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general" (what an advertisement for Christian missionary work!), has turned against Wu and quietly seized Peking for Chang. This has already led the Japanese to talk of reinforcements, and the American Government has sent a small expeditionary force to Peking. That is likely to be only the beginning; it gives particular significance to Mr. Bertrand Russell's article in this week's International Relations Section. Doubtless we shall be treated to floods of highly prejudiced and inflammatory news from China. State Department officials, like the few correspondents of the big news agencies, see through the colored eye-glasses of American business interests. We must be on our guard lest these officials play us such a scurvy trick as British Foreign Office officials seem to have played upon Ramsay MacDonald. Apparently they accepted as genuine a forged letter from Zinoviev to British Communists, and persuaded Ramsay MacDonald to protest against it to the Soviet Government—a proceeding which weakens him with both Left and Right in the electoral campaign.

I. W. W.'S CONVICTED EN MASSE in 1918 of violations of war-time laws are gradually dribbling back into civil life—if they are lucky enough not to be aliens. If they are aliens they are handed over to the Secretary of Labor for further investigation as to their desirability. The Secretary of Labor, according to a law passed five years after their conviction, has carte blanche to deport aliens released from prisons, and few questions are asked. Four such men—Herbert Mahler, William Moran, Pietro Negra, and Joseph Oates—are going on November 8 unless the Secretary of Labor sees the unfairness of the procedure leading to deportation and grants them a rehearing. The Federal Council of Churches summarizes the case as follows:

> The case [against deportation] was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. In the hearing before the Department of Labor inspector there was no showing that the men were undesirable or desirable residents and they were given no opportunity to prove their desirability. The Supreme Court recognized this point and, reversing the lower court, said that there was no showing in the warrants that the men were undesirable. The Court then pointed out two lines of conduct open to the Secretary of Labor. He could either institute new proceedings so that at the hearing the desirability or undesirability of the alien in question might be demonstrated or he might amend the warrants to say that they were convicted for

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violation of a war-time law as proof of undesirability. The warrants have been thus amended without any new hearing.

With such power in the hands of the Secretary of Labor the very least that can be asked and granted is a rehearing.

FOR SEVERAL SUCCESSIVE YEARS we have been able to record a drop in the number of lynchings. Before 1919 the average number was 107 a year; since then, according to figures given out by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the figures have been: 1919—83, 1920—65, 1921—64, 1922—61, 1923—28; 1924 (to date)—9. The sharp decline in the last two years is startling. In these days of the flaming cross and the white shroud, when intolerance and violence appear to dominate public thought and action, it is hard to account for so sudden a growth in restraint and order. What is behind it? Is it the threat of federal action, and the vigorous campaign carried on in behalf of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill? Is it the widespread emigration of the Negro from the South and the consequent need of placating those who remain? Is it the effective publicity given each outrage in the Northern press and the Negro papers throughout the country? Probably all these elements have combined to achieve this miracle of improvement, together with the quiet work of a growing number of fine and courageous Southerners, who face the hatred of bigots and Klansmen to help make the South a home of freedom and fair play. Indeed, it is worth noting that the last lynching—in which, as often, the wrong man suffered—occurred in Chicago.

WINTER IN THE COAL FIELDS, especially when the mines are largely closed down for lack of orders, is seldom a time of productive enterprise. Occasional cheap movies, less occasional resorts to the native "white mule"—these and physical hardships and much tiresome idling consume the time of the unemployed or half-employed coal worker. But in Sub-district 5 of the United Mine Workers, in Southern Illinois, a new regime has begun. The workers voted in convention to organize adult education throughout the district under the direction of Tom Tippett, former mine worker, and since August classes have been in progress. The choice of courses is interesting. The workers, few of whom have finished grammar school, decided to spend the first three months on ancient history combined with English and public speaking, and the next three on American history with special reference to the history of the American labor movement. The program for the winter will include classes and public lectures in the mine villages conducted by prominent teachers from outside the district. This is workers' education of a real and stirring sort; in it there is no hint of uplift, no tinge of propaganda. These people want to know more about the world and the causes of their own difficulties, and they are going about it with the intelligence born of a real need.

VALIANT AND UNDISMAYED, the ignorance of S. Stanwood Menken goes marching on. Facts do not daunt him, he is untroubled by the dictates of decency, and his patriotism takes the form of making the United States appear foolish in the eyes of the world. Countess Catherine Karolyi, wife of the first and only president of the short-lived republic of Hungary, who is honoring this country with a visit, is, he says, a Bolshevik and a friend of Bela Kun; Red Catherine, she is called in the dark communist limbo from which she comes. So says the sturdy Mr. Menken in a protest to Immigration Commissioner Curran against the admission of the Countess. What matters it to him that the Count and Countess Karolyi went into exile when the Hungarian Bolsheviks took power, that they are ardent pacifists and publicly during its progress opposed the war against the Allies; that they are democrats and republicans—neither Communists nor Monarchists—and have paid for their faith by the loss of their estates in Hungary and by years of utter poverty on the Continent and in England. Luckily for the world and for Countess Karolyi, the United States is not populated solely by S. Stanwood Menken. She will be welcomed and listened to by hundreds of Americans who, like herself, are interested in democracy and freedom and peace.

IF MRS. GEORGE G. MACCURDY is right, the comic-paper view of primitive man will have to be revised again. Already science has taken the joy out of these charming pictures we used to see in which a little prehistoric boy led a gentle Diplodocus about on the end of a string. The last Diplodocus, science insists, was dead a long time before the first little boy who might have used him as a pet had appeared upon the scene. Now Mrs. MacCurdy, returning with her husband from an excavating party in France, tells us that the Caveman has been sadly misjudged. Instead of doing his wooing with a club and using an ax to obviate the need of a divorce court he was, she assures us, a gentle creature who let his wife do most of the thinking for him and was in addition disposed to honor her as an embodiment of the Creative Principle. To judge by her description, he was rather hen-pecked. If science insists on this, what will become of the convenient term by which the romantic lady novelists describe their masterful heroes? Language being so much more conservative than science, perhaps we shall not be compelled to give it up. At least it will be long before the comics will note of a particularly meek and obedient husband: "He is a regular Caveman."

SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO a novel of Laura Jean Libbey's was appearing serially in the New York *Evening Journal*. Now Robert W. Chambers, Blasco Ibanez, Virginia Terhune Van de Water are the novelists so published. This does not mean that Laura is no longer read—her novels have merely moved on to that great crowd of ten-cent romances sold in certain fixed-price stores. The story in the *Evening Journal* was about a lovely girl who worked in a mill and was beloved of the mill-owner's handsome son; difficulties beset the path of true love but in the end, when the mill (if memory serves) was destroyed by a flood and the lovely girl had towed to dry land the unconscious form of the handsome and wealthy young man, then all was well. The proud father's objection to the match vanished and they lived happily ever after. Of course the *Journal's* modern novelists, catering frankly to the tastes of their public, would scorn such a romance. They set their stories in the most exclusive New York society, or in Mexico, or any other place strange to their readers; they introduce modern inventions to make their tale realistic; but they are as careful to allow the heroine to fall into the hero's arms at the proper time and never at any improper time. The result is not so different from Laura Jean Libbey. She, dying with eighty-two novels and forty plays to her credit, would salute them all as brothers, albeit with a new cut to their coats.

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Aftermath

WHILE we await the counting of the ballots let us take stock and look ahead. First let us give thanks that the Progressive campaign has been waged, and that it has been carried on upon such a high plane of principle. The most despondent should take heart that our democracy in this emergency was able to furnish two such leaders as Senators La Follette and Wheeler. Their campaigns have been beyond criticism; not even their narrowest antagonist has denied that. The attacks of Republicans and Democrats alike have been aimed at the platform, but not at the manner in which it has been presented. More than that, to the Progressives alone belongs the credit for putting issues and constructive proposals before the public. But for them the campaign would have been the mere comparing of the personalities of Messrs. Davis and Coolidge. We should have had once more an election by disgust, the choice of Democratic fire or Republican frying-pan.

Millions have been compelled to reexamine the bases of their faith, to explain to themselves where they stand and why they hold their beliefs. The fundamental issue has been clarified to multitudes. Thanks to the revelation of the Republican campaign fund, the effort of the privileged to hold by the weight of millions of dollars the positions they have achieved and fortified is so obvious that none can deny or close his eyes to its significance. A long, long step has thus been taken toward the realignment for lack of which America suffers and is a laggard upon the path of progress. More Americans than ever before realize the essential oneness of the ownership of both the old parties, that oneness which Theodore Roosevelt defined when, as an expert witness, he declared that "the crooked control of both the old parties by the beneficiaries of political and business privilege renders it hopeless to expect any far-reaching and fundamental service from either"—a truth as sound today as when it was uttered in 1912. It was this same truth that Woodrow Wilson thus voiced without contradiction: "The Government, which was designed for the people, has got into the hands of bosses and their employers, the special interests. An invisible empire has been set up above the forms of democracy." For all the smoke screens raised by the defenders of the old parties, for all the almost incredible misrepresentations of the Progressive aims to which such party prostitutes as Charles E. Hughes and Charles G. Dawes have stooped, the truth has reached more and more people that this is no new and dangerously radical or visionary crusade, but the renewal of the old fight against the "invisible empire."

It is no short battle in which American liberalism is engaged. It would not be won should Senator La Follette achieve success. It is a long, long row because Americans have not been thinking politically or economically, because few have worked out a philosophy in keeping with the times and corresponding to the country's ever expanding economic and social needs. That a political upheaval must and will come no sound-minded person ought to doubt. Whether it will come upon a country unprepared is the fundamental question—perhaps the gravest one. Just a year ago the leaders of the British Labor Party were hoping they would not be compelled to take office. After years of preparation and study they felt themselves still unprepared for the responsibilities which later they accepted and bore so nobly. If they were unprepared, what of our Progressives? Where are the groups in America that are setting themselves to solid thinking on fundamentals? Where are those who are biting deep into problems upon the solution of which depends the question: Will democracy master the financial and industrial juggernaut, or will its enslavement to the invisible empire be permanent?

This almost utter lack of political inquiry, speculation, and study makes the necessity of permanent organization the immediate duty of the hour for the Progressives. This movement originated not with any one man but out of the aspirations of great bodies of workers. Its essential democracy has been its profoundest asset. But the new party will need greater self-sacrifice, greater wisdom, and tactical skill than the campaign has developed. We do not underrate the wonderful spirit of loyalty, devotion, and readiness to subordinate self or organization which the Progressive campaign has brought out. But even more will be required, both of leaders and rank and file, when the convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action meets in January, 1925. It will be no easy task then to formulate a short and terse platform upon which the allied groups may unite. It will be still more difficult to assign to each the role it should play. The initiative in this campaign came from the railroad brotherhoods. Will they be willing to relinquish their control for the common cause of an American Progressive or Labor Party? Can the great groups of foreign-born citizens who joined the movement for diverse reasons be permanently woven into it? Can there be agreement on a few fundamental economic issues between men as diverse as the Gompers set of labor leaders, the farm-labor groups in the Northwest, the Socialists, and the liberals?

The answer can be Yes, but only if the patriotism of all concerned is so intense, their recognition of the transparent needs of the hour so complete, that they will set themselves unreservedly to the task of finding fundamentals upon which they can agree. We hope that the beginning of this search after the least common denominator will not be left until January. The campaign has aroused in the breasts of millions the hope and the belief that a new and a clean weapon is to be forged by which they may control their destinies and those of the country. Any disappointment of these hopes would further increase abstention from political life, spread widely a contaminating cynicism, arm the extremists, and drive into deeper despair the hundreds of thousands who are now plunged into economic misery and see no way out.

For the Progressives who have fought this brave and worthy fight the opportunity remains tremendous. They have truly served their country; they have stood above pelf or party; they have quickened the faith of millions. Upon them rests, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, a tremendous responsibility. Our liberals have not only to win their own country. It is their task by winning it to save the world from the domination of that baleful American financial despotism against which in our domestic strife the Progressives have, whatever the result at the polls, struck another great blow.

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A Jolt for the Judges

TEN years after the passage of the Clayton act, and at a time when hope had been virtually abandoned among workers that its provisions could be used to protect them against injunctions, the United States Supreme Court has upheld the statute in a way that will sensibly reduce judicial abuses in the future. It will commonly be possible for anyone accused of violating an injunction issued in a labor dispute by a federal court to obtain a trial by jury instead of being fined or imprisoned for contempt by the arbitrary ruling of a judge.

The provisions of the Clayton act in regard to injunctions seem to be entirely sustained in so far as they go, and this will be a definite advantage to workers conducting strikes henceforward. Unfortunately, the Clayton act does not provide a jury trial for accused persons in all cases of federal labor injunctions, nor for every contingency under any one, and so we shall have to await subsequent tests to know the exact value of the decision to organized labor. In his opinion Justice Sutherland says of the Clayton act:

> It is of narrow scope, dealing with the single class where the act or thing constituting the contempt is also a crime in the ordinary sense. It does not interfere with the power to deal summarily with contempts committed in the presence of the court or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice, and is in express terms carefully limited to the cases of contempt specifically defined.
>
> Neither do we think it purports to reach cases of failure or refusal to comply affirmatively with a decree—that is, to do something which a decree commands—which may be enforced by coercive means or remedied by purely compensatory relief. If the reach of the statute had extended to the cases which are excluded, a different and more serious question would arise.

Thus it appears that in order to obtain a jury trial under an injunction one must be accused of having done something which without the court order would be punishable as a crime. Of course an injunction should by right never prohibit any except criminal acts, but it is the shame of the United States that many do. We commented last week, for instance, on the case of Gottlieb and Seiff, in which even peaceful picketing was prohibited. In this the judge went entirely beyond the law, as peaceful picketing is not a crime in New York State. Apparently, therefore, it is still possible for a judge to escape the limitations of the Clayton act, provided his injunction is sufficiently outrageous and extra-legal in its prohibitions! It is precisely in his most despotic acts that he can refuse a jury trial and act under the ancient tyranny of contempt of court.

Still, with all its limitations, we are intensely glad that the injunction provisions of the Clayton act have been upheld just at this moment when the powers of the courts are under public scrutiny as a result of Senator La Follette's proposed limitations. The authority of the courts to overthrow legislation has perhaps worked larger public mischief than their power to punish individuals for contempt, but the latter is even more despotic and in its possibilities perhaps equally threatening to democracy and freedom. A reader has written us lately objecting because in an article in *The Nation* of September 24, entitled Our Despotic Courts, we said that the bench was now the sole possessor of the ancient "divine rights of kings." We have no apologies to make. We had in mind precisely this power to punish for contempt, which is a direct carry-over from the prerogatives of royalty and absolutism. Punishment for contempt is not only not provided for by the Constitution but it is in plain violation of that document. The Sixth Amendment says: "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury." Good, reply the judges, but contempt of court is not a crime. Well then, we return, how about the Thirteenth Amendment which provides: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States"? Either contempt of court is a crime and carries the right to a jury trial, or it is not and to imprison a person for it is a monstrous injustice and a direct assault upon the Constitution.

Doubtless it is true that, except in labor-injunction cases, contempt proceedings have not so far been frequent nor had great public effect. But there is every sign that unless checked they are soon going to become the means of a widespread attack upon freedom of speech, of public assembly, and of action. We believe that in place of the contempt power there should be laws making it a crime to obstruct or disobey a court order. Other than this the courts need no protection or assistance outside of existing law. Talk of preserving "judicial dignity" or upholding the "majesty of the law" is sheer balderdash based on traditions and trumpery that can be genealogically traced without a bar sinister to the "divine rights of kings."

The decision on the Clayton act will, we hope, direct interest toward this question of contempt of court and lead eventually to abolishing the power root and branch.

In the Air

WHEN the Robert brothers started skyward from the Tuileries one hundred and forty years ago, carrying silk-covered oars with which they hoped to row their way through the air, they probably felt sure that a few decades would bring realization of the ancient dream of human flight. Our progress must seem slow to them. Yet we may imagine that at last we have launched upon a sudden boom-period of air flight. Five years ago the world gasped in successive months when the NC-4 made its interrupted flight across the Atlantic in May; when Alcock and Brown in a Vickers-Vimy bomber shot across the ocean and plunged into an Irish bog in June; and when the R-34, modelled on a captured Zeppelin, floated painfully over the sea in July, and then drifted back to England. There followed a series of disappointments. The ZR-2 exploded over the Humber in England in 1921; the Roma burned here in 1922; the Dixmude disappeared in mid-Mediterranean in 1923. The airplane developed; but the dirigible airship seemed hopeless.

Now, following the triumph of the Shenandoah, designed by American naval engineers after a model of the Zeppelin L-49 captured by the French in the middle of the war, comes the magnificent victory of the ZR-3, beating all records—even that of the R-59's 4,000-mile mid-war trip into the heart of Africa—with a non-stop cruise of 5,066 miles completed in 81 hours. Apparently we may expect more progress from German designers working in American shops with American capital behind them.

As a matter of fact, the rest of the world must confess

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that it is just catching up with the Germans, and that but for post-war hates and hindrances the conquest of the trans-atlantic air might have come sooner. The Allies refused—until the United States forced permission for the ZR-3—to permit the Germans to continue their Zeppelin experiments. That inventive nation was cut out from the progress of the world. And accordingly the world limped. For the Germans had mastered the problem of the Zeppelin before the war. They had hardly built a dirigible since—but the ZR-3 was the one hundred and eighth Zeppelin built in that country. Count Zeppelin sent up his first huge rigid ship in 1900; after various partial successes he was able to establish regular commercial air traffic in 1911, and in the year before the war ten Zeppelins and a number of the smaller Parseval ships were making regular commercial cruises from Berlin to Hamburg and to Frankfurt. Tickets for Zeppelin trips could be bought at any tourist agency in Europe. Then came the war; the Zeppelins were put to evil uses, and their bad name endured.

Overnight, almost, it has become a commonplace to expect air cruisers carrying passengers overseas for a week-end, linking San Francisco and Honolulu in a single day. Doubtless we shall live to see it—we who have seen the telephone and the automobile and the radio become unnoticed necessities in the daily life of millions. To our children they may seem as matter-of-course as a steamship to us. One indecent thought intrudes itself upon this self-congratulation: our dirigibles were developed by our navy as Germany's were by her war-men. Eagerness for new potentialities of destruction has achieved this miracle. When shall we be ready to spend millions as lightly for peace?

The Few *vs.* the Good

SCARCELY anybody needs to be told that this is an age of satire. More and more of the best books published each year let fly with irony or with open scorn against whatever thing is considered evil. And what, judging by such books, does this age consider evil? Evidently enough, it is not badness of the classical sort, for the days when Juvenal lashed the cardinal vices—lechery, gluttony, extravagance, and such—seem very remote. Few up-to-date readers are interested in the standard English satirists for any other reason than that they were superb writers; Pope is remembered for his epigrams, not for his rather florid diatribes against vanity and venality, and Swift is commended oftener as a master of narrative prose than as a clergyman who vented his savage indignation against abstract meanness, selfishness, and hypocrisy. Mark Twain, perhaps the last of the classical satirists, filled hundreds of pages with denunciations of human depravity which, now that they are appearing posthumously in the third decade of the twentieth century, have an old-fashioned if a truly terrible sound.

The change seems to have come about in Mark Twain's very lifetime. Two English men of letters contemporary with him announced that the most formidable modern evil was beginning to be not too much badness but too much goodness. This was a paradox, but Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw have succeeded so well in their endeavor to make it an axiom that among the members of a fairly large class today excessive goodness, or even goodness in a rudimentary form, seems something to be ashamed of. The word "noble" is a term of reproach, and some would almost rather be caught killing their mothers than being kind to them.

Butler was a profoundly sensible man, and so is Shaw. Some of their followers have been less profound and sensible. But all of them have performed a service by demonstrating that there is no such thing as an abstract vice, that, in fact, every one of the traditional vices can somehow be brought under the head of stupidity. Guile and hypocrisy are interesting myths, but an examination of many minds fails to find them actually existing. It is inertia of spirit and heaviness of soul which keep society unhappy. And since stupidity chiefly dwells in the mass of the middle class, the new satire turns upon the average man. Whereas this man once stood by and smiled while the few and the great were attacked—a Roman emperor, a dissipated prince, a son of the idle rich—he now is the target himself; the only circumstance to render the reversal incomplete being that the few who attack him are his superiors intellectually, not socially.

As to the degree of popularity which this sort of satire is likely to attain only time can pronounce. Will the triumph of the intellectuals be as brief as it is brilliant? Not if the average man can be persuaded to despise his own virtues and forget the fascination of others' vices. Perhaps the conclusion is obvious. At any rate it ought to be pointed out that the Empress Messalina, one of Juvenal's most awful heroines, reigns in the season's movie houses, while no billboards announce a new novel by the author of "Main Street."

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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Master Anatole

By JOHN MACY

IN the last years of his life Anatole France was the acknowledged master of French letters, the dean of European letters. None could match his venerable achievement except perhaps Thomas Hardy. And even Thomas Hardy has not so completely obliterated the boundaries of states and established himself as an international figure, as a great European. As a slight indication, though no final test of merit, the Nobel prize inevitably was awarded to Anatole France. It is conceivable that it may never be awarded to Hardy, who is now the supreme surviving genius of that passing but never passing generation of men of letters—with Georg Brandes sitting at the other side of the desk. Who else?

Anatole was universal, European, but he was the most French of Frenchmen. He belonged to the breed of Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire, Renan, of his contemporary Remy de Gourmont. That kind of intellect could not have been born and nourished anywhere in the world but in France. That combination of grace and profound erudition is Latin and it is peculiarly the gift of the French branch of the race, though other nations can show examples of it. And his rationalism was French, albeit the reasoning faculty is not an endowment exclusively bestowed upon any one people.

The more obvious qualities of this highly organized genius have been many times noted and analyzed: skepticism, irony, pity without sentimentality for the human being, wit, humor, a fantastic imagination governed by serene wisdom, a style lucid and brilliant and easy. Though these qualities are obvious to the most casual reader, it is worth while to reconsider them, both to remind ourselves what they may contain that is not quite obvious and to recall some of the books in which they are embodied.

The skepticism of Anatole France, like all truly critical philosophic doubt, is not mere negation, not mere standing in the middle of the road or facing both ways; it is a positive philosophy. The attitude of doubt is an assertive attitude, and denial is affirmation. "I doubt" is of course not so strong as "I deny"; the relation between them is somewhat like that between "I believe" and "I know."

Anatole France wrote no systematic work of philosophy but put his beliefs and disbeliefs into the mouths of fictitious characters and more directly into some of the essays in the miscellaneous collection, "The Literary Life." An example of his method, of his habit of mind, of the positive declarative mood of skepticism in adroit indirection is that exquisite little story, The Procurator of Judea. Two old Romans, retired officials, are talking about earlier days when they were in active politics in Palestine. One of them is that famous governor who asked the question (which Anatole France asked all his life): "What is truth?" They recall a beautiful dancing girl who stopped dancing to follow a preacher who seemed to take a strong hold on some of the people. Who was he? The veteran Roman governor cannot even remember his name. And so is dismissed the person, god or man, who for two thousand years was the most revered and influential individual who ever lived on earth or in heaven. The story is not blasphemous, not irreverent, for Anatole France was too skilful to play a false note; it is no doubt an historically accurate account of what a Roman aristocrat would have thought, and the element of doubt is innocently transferred from the mind of Anatole France to the mind of the gouty old ex-governor.

But the old governor remembers the dancing girl. And there—not to dwell too long on one little story in a dozen volumes of masterpieces—is a sample of Anatolean irony. It is not the rhetorical device of saying one thing and meaning another. That trick, to be sure, he plays, as when he calls his story of a blameless old scholar "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." But in that book and in many of the other novels the irony is not verbal; it is the irony of fact. In "Thaïs" the holy man converts the prostitute but loses his own soul. In "M. Bergeret in Paris" the anti-Dreyfusards ruin their case by being absurd. And notice that Anatole does not parody, does not exaggerate or raise his voice, when he is dealing with his intellectual opponents. There is a deadly quiet in his manner, and only in that sense is his irony "gentle"; there are often sharp claws under the soft manner.

Irony, satire (the words are not synonymous but they overlap) are at their best in "Penguin Island," a devastating portrayal of the French, specifically, but more broadly of mankind. I had the pleasure of introducing it to Mark Twain with the comment that there are only two other books which so soundly spank the human race: "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." I never heard whether Mark Twain read the book, for he was then old and ill, but he would have chuckled over it. I will invite controversy by saying that as a humorous representation of what fools we mortals be "Penguin Island" is superior to Gulliver. Swift's Yahoo is terrible, annihilating, the most laughless humor ever written. When Anatole France starts us off in the guise of those solemnly ridiculous birds, he makes you laugh at once by the picture of the male penguins chasing the female penguin who has covered her natural feathers with some kind of garment; and then he keeps you smiling as he comes down through history with a sort of comic symbolism to that terrific ending, his most appalling page, in which the world after all its struggles toward civilization is destroyed and begins all over again upon the same old cycle.

"Penguin Island" is transmogrified history, for Anatole France was a great historian though never technically a professor of it. His finest work, in which the humorist has taken off his motley and put on his scholar's gown, is "The Life of Joan of Arc." Here our skeptic and rationalist shows himself as the true romantic. The story is the more wonderful because it has the accent of reality, the conviction of facts carefully studied and analyzed. The conventional legend of The Maid will not do. We no longer believe in miracles. Yet something amazing did happen in France in the fifteenth century. Let us examine all available evidence, not only the character of the girl but the conditions that surrounded her, the states of mind of the soldiers that followed her and of all other classes in that century. The book has been called anti-clerical; it is not, it is anti-superstitious. Whenever a writer touches even

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the outskirts of a religious question he is sure to be misunderstood, and that is more or less true of purely secular historical questions. The late Andrew Lang found fault with "The Life of Joan of Arc." I do not remember the objections that he raised. And it does not matter. Anatole's portrait of his great countrywoman and her times is a magnificent work of art and will survive any errors it may contain.

In general all the relations of the sexes are for Anatole a rather pathetic joke; certainly he has no interest in a mere love-story, and I do not remember that he ever wrote one. His feeling for human beings is not passionate but is genuinely sympathetic in a somewhat remote philosophic way. Evidently there was a conflict in him between satire and tenderness—this is a not uncommon conflict; we have familiar manifestations of it in Thackeray and Mark Twain. If Anatole France did not know passionate love (and that is perhaps why his skilful verses are not poetry of the first order) neither did he blaze with hate or with righteous indignation. Though he was in all the fifty years of his literary life unmistakably Anatole France, and in a sense did not develop because he was a master from the beginning, yet in his later years he did become more mellow and one of his ripest and richest books is "The Gods Are Athirst." Another late masterpiece which has afternoon glow is "The Revolt of the Angels."

For fifty years a master, an infallible master of style. He may have been born with it. He certainly cultivated it very carefully with self-conscious criticism, and in a passage on style he speaks of a "beautiful and desirable simplicity," which indeed defines his own merit. His simplicity is not so simple as it seems, but it is elaborately worked out, and the most subtle ideas are expressed through a transparent medium which looks easy to manage—after he has managed it. His thought is often deep but never obscure; his touch is light but never flippant or undignified. Intensely individual and modern, he carried on the ancient classic tradition of France.

The Unpopularity of Anatole France

By ERNEST BOYD

EVER since the Dreyfus case, which dragged Anatole France into the political arena, his socialism had made him abhorrent to all conservative Frenchmen, but at the time of his death he had survived long enough to encounter another sort of unpopularity, which will seem surprising to those who think of him as a consecrated name and an already established classic of modern French literature. He had lived long enough to become the *bête noire* of all the smart young men who are building up a French literature basely largely upon maudlin Catholicism, eccentric syntax and typography, and a strange combination of homosexualism and sport-mysticism. These aggressive youths, led by a generation masticating the cud of stale controversies dating from the Dreyfus affair and the separation of church and state, constitute today a well-organized opposition to Anatole France and all that he represented. By some mental process, known only to themselves, these young prodigies adored the tub-thumping jingoism of Maurice Barrès; the socialist platitudes of Anatole France excited their contempt. The one was credited with political genius, the other with senile demagoguery. Obviously neither should be judged by political tests, but while there is always an excuse amongst the younger generation for Barrès the chauvinist, there is none for France the socialist.

This triumph of Bergsonian intuition was, of course, in the act of development before the war, an event which came appropriately to test the protestations of mystic patriotism and anti-rationalism which marked the literature of the generation which was to be practically exterminated before peace was declared. But their successors, the writers who were not articulate in 1914, always under the safe tuition of the sheltered survivors of the Dreyfus pogrom, carry on the proud tradition which consists in "conspuing" Anatole France. He, it will be remembered, volunteered for active service, whereas Barrès talked and wrote the war to the bitterest end. They are adept pupils of that school of abuse of which Léon Daudet is the laureate. As witness Philippe Soupault:

> Anatole France's name falls from my pen like a blot. All his books, or at least all those that I forced myself to read, pursued me for some weeks like nightmares. I ceased to write myself. This rose-water skepticism, this cheap perfection of style, represents to me all that is worst in literature. I fled in terror.

An older commentator, the celebrated caricaturist, André Rouveyre, a great friend of Guillaume Apollinaire, wrote shortly before the celebration of France's eightieth birthday:

> The most significant representative of those writers who have paraded the greatest vanity and ostentatiously displayed their own superiority is undoubtedly Anatole France. . . . He is the last and most perfect type of what seems to us most out-of-date. He is the witty trifler, with a set, beatific smile, the elastic man whose curves are soft, the image of instability, both because of his poverty of original ideas and systematically: a rhetorician to the marrow of his bones, whose Nirvana is vague and inexpressive. . . . His great official renown has made him impressive, but is not connected with any genuine, positive, human action, precisely because the talent of an Anatole France is made up entirely of scholastic acquisitions, with nothing original which might contain the profound spiritual fire of this epoch. The time has passed for such feeble, servile copyists.

Both these quotations are typical, including the muddy, redundant style of Rouveyre, which is not altogether preserved in translation. They will suffice as specimens of a certain criticism which, if remotely traceable to the politics of the Dreyfus case, has now evolved into a semblance of something more important than politics. It is not mere royalism, for Rouveyre is no *Camelot du Roy*, and Charles Maurras, the only intelligent royalist in France, is not only a lifelong admirer of Anatole France, but is actually the writer whose mind is most nearly allied to his, the one person, in fact, who should succeed to his chair in the French Academy. It is an attitude engendered by aesthetic Catholicism and dadaism, using the latter term in its most

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general sense to describe incoherent writing, disordered thinking, and a total lack of all humor and urbanity—the Fascist spirit in literature, which corresponds in Europe to Ku Klux Kriticism in America.

The chief exponent of the neo-Catholic revolt against Anatole France is that medieval inquisitor of letters, Henri Massis, editor of *La Revue Universelle* and literary critic. Massis's pursuit of demons is not limited to France, for it extends to André Gide and the *Nouvelle Revue Française* group, which is remote from Anatole France and includes some of his least sympathetic critics. Gide as a Protestant, of course, is even more hateful to Massis than the pagan Anatole France. Thus he accuses the former of "demoniality," but the latter is an "inhuman humanist," a pitiful victim of the superstition that Greek civilization was beautiful and that Christianity drove the joy of life and beauty out of the hearts of men. Being older and more educated than the irrepressible Monsieur Soupault, Henri Massis makes no effort to be unnecessarily ludicrous by denying Anatole France's supreme qualities as a master of French prose. In fact, when he dismisses him with Voltaire as a wretched man who misused his gifts, one hardly feels it necessary to continue the discussion. It is better, I should say, to be dismissed with Voltaire than to be classed with Claudel. Aesthetic Catholicism has its reasons which reason cannot understand. It is interesting to note that Charles Péguy, one of the few authentic Catholics in the front rank of French literature, had no doubt as to the importance of Anatole France, who gave "Crainquebille" and other contributions to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, that enduring achievement of Péguy's editorial genius.

The unpopularity of Anatole France, in other words, is neither a political nor a religious question, although both elements enter into it. He did not shock the deep, elemental Catholicism in Péguy nor has the monarchical Maurras ever allowed himself to misunderstand the real significance of the Dreyfusard who created M. Bergeret and Jérôme Coignard. But neither of these writers is an obscurantist, and political and aesthetic obscurantism are the order of the day. Anatole France disturbed the two groups, so they coalesce in defense of all the aborted literature to which his own luminous French is the retort courteous, and of all the faded dogmas to which his clarity and wit meant destruction. His career itself was a negation of the hasty, half-baked, modern method of forcing a way that has not been prepared into literature. It is forgotten, as a rule, that he was nearly forty when he wrote "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," his first contact with the general reading public and his first success. Even his first book of verse was not published until he was within a year of thirty.

That long apprenticeship, that gradual maturity are often overlooked by critics like Ortega y Gasset, who accuse him of a monotonous perfection that has never advanced beyond its earliest culminating point. If he had only rushed in where nowadays nobody fears to tread, his rawest efforts would not only serve to measure publicly his progress, but would serve to earn him immediate laurels as a genius. By so doing, of course, he would have sacrificed all that ease and balance and dignity, that deft assurance in his ideas and in his craft, which are his enchantment. He would have fumbled and groped, and thus escaped the hatred and mistrust which superior men excite in their inferiors.

Anatole France—the Host

By PITTS SANBORN

IT was by grace of Jean Longuet that I got to see Anatole France. Old friends of the sage of the Villa Saïd had told me that he was approachability itself if fate happened to lead one into his presence, but that otherwise no man on earth was harder to reach.

"The *maître* is at his town house now," Longuet told me. "If you want to see him, the thing to do is simply to go out to the Villa Saïd and call. No preliminaries of any kind, no attempt at forewarning, above all no letter-writing. I will give you a card of introduction; hand it to the maid who opens the door. I can't guarantee anything, but I believe that if the *maître* is at home, he will receive you."

I discussed further ways and means with Philip Moeller, who had just come over to Paris from London, and we decided, inasmuch as audacity seemed to be the note, to time our call (Moeller had consented to accompany me) just before the probable luncheon hour of the great man. Thus he would be least likely to escape us.

So, late one dazzling morning at the beginning of August, 1920, we two Americans were jogging out in an old-fashioned, horse-drawn *fiacre* through the airy spaciousness of the Champs-Elysées and the embowered opulence of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne toward that intimate, tranquil byway off the Avenue du Bois where Anatole France lived when in Paris. One has only to open "Le Lys Rouge" to find numberless glimpses—by day, by night; in sunshine, in rain—of the very section of Paris we were driving through.

Our *fiacre* turned off through the lawns and shrubbery of the Avenue du Bois and came to a stop before one of a row of pale little stucco houses, miniature specimens of those *hôtels particuliers* that are almost a rarity in Paris. Our objective was a long way from the dingy paternal bookshop by the Seine, in the heart of old Paris, where Anatole France had spent his boyhood. But the glistening neatness of the small house nestling in the verdure of the Villa Saïd as in a sacred grove was no less typical of the Parisian Anatole than the *bouquiniste's* stall on the Quai Malaquais.

A maid responded to our ring—frowzy, but what maid that isn't frowzy ever opened a door in Paris? As if the matter were of no possible moment to her she said she would ask whether M. France was in. Presently she returned and bade us enter. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the master than the two rooms of his house that we were permitted to see. The one we entered from the street was a square hall or overgrown vestibule. Through a large rear window the sun of noon poured in. The room was empty of everything except the sunlight and an antique marble that occupied its center—the heroic torso of, I think, an Aphrodite, whose whiteness was dark against the golden flood that poured around it. Here was Anatole the perfect classicist. By a door on the left we

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passed to a square salon of impressive size. Here was Gallic Anatole. This room, furnished just enough and richly, was as French as the anteroom was Greek.

Those who are aware of the fact that much of Anatole France's ample fortune he owed to his expert knowledge as an antiquarian and his ability to buy and sell will not be surprised to know that this room was a model of artistic taste. Without belonging rigidly to a period it tended toward the semi-severity of *régence*. It might almost have been the salon of any wealthy bourgeois of Paris, except that no one of that species would have proceeded with the inevitable fineness in selection and the inevitable sense of space and measure that marked the achievement of the first French *prosateur* of our time. If it be true that the house expresses the man, no two rooms could have more veraciously expressed the cultural idiosyncrasy of Anatole France, stemming straight back through French centuries to Rome and Athens.

But the figure that soon entered the salon through the door that had admitted us had no part in Rome or in Athens. The narrow, long-nosed visage, as of knotted ivory, and the knotty whiteness of the beard were of a magician from far eastward of the Ionian sea, and to this necromantic head a turban of crimson velvet imparted the final touch of Oriental wizardry. So much for the East. The sustaining pillar of the head could have happened nowhere but in France. The spare body of the ancient sage was attired in pepper-and-salt trousers, whose holding braces passed over the dark blue of a very *negligée* shirt. He wore a collar and a tie, but of coat or waistcoat there was none. A buttonless dressing-gown of brownish yellow replaced both, and a pair of carpet slippers completed the extraordinary costume.

Of course the stranger who is admitted at all to a Frenchman's house is admitted to the bosom of a family whose members do not go on dress parade in honor of the admittee. As we gazed at the master of the house in the Villa Saïd, somehow the sage got the upper hand of both the wizard and the Frenchman, and what we really seemed to see was a high priest of Israel standing before us in the intimacy of his home!

Immediately France began talking, and in the easiest and most casual way imaginable. Our visit fell just at the time when he was strongly impressed by Moscow. "The future of Europe is dark," he said at the very outset. "The one hope for Europe is the triumph of socialism, and the one hope for socialism is the triumph of Russian Bolshevism. Lloyd George and Millerand are ignorant men. I observe that Lenin and Krassin are very intelligent." And then the skeptic and ironist emerged: "But, after all, the Russian Government is discouragingly like any other government. I observe that it too makes war!"

France was unsparing of what he termed clericalism in America. "The Protestants," he said, "are liberal only when they are weak. When they become strong, they become as Catholics." Liberals in Europe had awaited Woodrow Wilson as the herald of a new world, but he turned out a Protestant pastor admonishing his little flock. France condemned prohibition: "Men have fermented liquors and partaken of them since the world began. Bacchus and Dionysus were names of a great god of antiquity. Greece and Rome did not fall because of drunkenness." He dwelt on the depopulation of Rome through her unceasing wars and pointed the moral for today. "We have been overrun with armies of soldiers," he declared, "and to what end? At one time we were overrun with armies of strikers. Did they accomplish anything? Jaurès did not believe in strikes as a means to justice, and I have long agreed with Jaurès."

One of us put the question, foolish, if you like, but hardly escapable, whether the *maître* thought world revolution of the bloodless kind possible, or was resigned to a less pacific march toward the light.

"Do you know 'Cinna'?" he asked. "Very well! . . .

C'est un ordre des Dieux qui jamais ne se rompt,
De nous vendre un peu cher les grands biens qu'ils nous font.
L'exil des Tarquins même ensanglanta nos terres,
Et nos premiers consuls nous ont coûté des guerres.

"Beautiful verses, aren't they?" he concluded.

I might add that while this conversation, a few of whose high points I have attempted to throw into relief, was in progress to the intense interest of the visitors the bosom of the family had not been entirely passive. A clatter of dishes that seemed suspiciously deliberate came from the probable direction of the dining room, and once the maidservant who had opened the door to us announced at another door that luncheon was ready. Impatiently the *maître* sent her away, at the same time waving aside our expressed willingness to depart at once. But as he talked on, despite the rattling china and the importunity of the maid, another and more formidable voice was heard from beyond the doorway. This was the property of that devoted housekeeper who only a few weeks later became the second Mme Anatole France.

"Come in, Mademoiselle; don't be afraid; I'm with friends here; there's no hurry about luncheon," our host spoke with a reassuring cheeriness evidently meant for us. Nevertheless, Mademoiselle did not come in, and as soon as we well could—there was no waning in France's cordiality and talkativeness—we said the good-bye that had become imperative on our part and went out into the sunlit verdure of that Paris which now more than ever seemed the personal domain of Anatole France. Almost his last words to us were the heartiest of invitations to call on him again whenever we wanted to. I could not help saying to him that this call had made the day one never to be forgotten.

"Hush!" he interrupted. "You must not say things like that or really I won't see you the next time you come."

Nostalgia

By DAVID MORTON

I know how autumn will be coming, there:
With haze and sunlight . . . and the long, dark rains,
With smell of wood-smoke blowing in the air,
And dead leaves huddled in the shivered lanes;
There will be starlight when the dusk comes down,
On gray, hushed meadows reaching to a hill
Far from the lighted windows of the town,
Where walked a lover once—who loves them still.

My mind as well might be a plot of ground
Edged with dark trees and gray with ghostly light . . .
Or old roads where a soft and lonely sound
Of rain is wandering in the autumn night—
For this is all my thought on nights like these,
When other rains are stripping other trees.

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Carnegie Branch

The California Supreme Court Does Its Bit

By MAX STERN

IN California the four to three decision of the State Supreme Court denying La Follette electors place as independents on the ballot emphasized once more the seriousness of allowing the courts to block the obvious will of the legislature. Here we have the possibility that one California judge, a political appointee of a reactionary governor, may be the deciding instrument in the election this fall and give us four years more of Coolidge and the Grand Old Party.

The ruling was on the question of the right of La Follette independent electors to be placed on the ballot by petition. On September 1 union labor of California had undertaken to obtain the necessary number of signers to the petition. The question as to whether the thirteen electors could be nominated under the direct primary law in a group or whether they must be put on singly caused labor to circulate two petitions: one the group and another to which the signer must append his name thirteen times, or once for each of the thirteen electors. When the workers on Labor Day added 50,000 signers' names to the La Follette independent ticket they actually brought in 700,000 signatures—an unheard-of demonstration of popular will.

At the first opportunity the La Follette electoral group sought to get its giant petition filed with the Secretary of State through the various county clerks. The State direct-primary law had never been invoked for the nomination of an independent presidential candidate's electors and the law, although framed and passed by the progressives in 1909, did not specifically mention presidential electors. It did declare that in all questions of doubt the statute was to be interpreted liberally so that the real will of the electors should not be defeated, and the assumption was that presidential electors, being State officers, were to be nominated like all other State officers—by petition. However, they decided on a test case to remove all chance of subversion of "the will of the electors." A Marin county clerk refused to accept the petition, and mandamus proceedings were brought before the Supreme Court.

The case was filed on the earliest possible date. Three weeks later, on September 22, the Supreme Court made its ruling. It was a thunderbolt to the people of California. Over the protest of three Supreme Court judges the majority of the court ruled that the great La Follette petition had no standing before the law. Presidential electors were not State officers but mere "messengers" and could be nominated only by party convention. The direct primary law providing for nominating State officers by petition did not hold in their case.

A storm of protest arose. Senator Hiram Johnson, who was the first governor under the law, and C. C. Young, the present lieutenant governor, both declared the ruling to be contrary to the spirit of the law and to block the obvious will of the people. The three dissenting justices all took into consideration the widespread sentiment of the people and applied this to the clause placing a mandate on the court to interpret the law in spirit rather than in letter.

"To construe statutes strictly when the statute demands a liberal construction is," said Justice Thomas Lennon, "in cases of this character to defeat not only the will of the Legislature but 'the real will of the electors' as well."

"To unequally obstruct the independent electorate from exercising its will is contrary to the principles and precepts of a republican form of government," said Justice Emmett Sewell.

"The rule of construction provided by the primary act places the duty on the courts to interpret the law so that . . . one group of citizens may not be denied rights enjoyed by other citizens," said Justice William P. Lawlor.

For the benefit of those who hold Supreme Court decisions to be the will of God it may be said that the majority four are all "regular" Republicans, three of whom hold their seats by appointment of Governor F. W. Richardson, the present executive of California, known as friendly to the corporations. Of the three dissenting judges, one, Lennon, is a progressive Johnson Republican and the other two, Lawlor and Sewell, are progressive Democrats.

Chief Justice Myers and Justice Shenk come from Los Angeles, where political matters are indirectly in the hands of the business interests and directly in those of the "Better America Federation," the State's open-shop propaganda organization. Former Chief Justice Curtis Wilbur, Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of the Navy, held up his resignation until after the inauguration of Governor Richardson so that Richardson might appoint Myers to succeed him.

Justice Richards owes his promotion to the supreme bench, as do Myers and Shenk, to recognition by Governor Richardson. Myers, Shenk, and Richards are running with both old party nominations for election this November. Some are unkind enough to wonder whether they held off their ruling on La Follette until the day before closing time for independent candidates to file against them so that their own elections might not be hampered by a revengeful electorate.

Justice Waste is what is popularly known as a "good man." He is a director in the Y. M. C. A. and was at one time thought to be a progressive. He is president of the Commonwealth Club of California, an organization of business men, described recently by the Los Angeles *Record* as "an organization given to service in the vineyards of the ruthless exploiters."

Up to the time of the decision every indication was that California was headed toward a break in the Republican corral. Conditions were similar to those of 1916, when California turned the trick for Woodrow Wilson. In spite of the big Republican registration, and the fact that the leaders were giving lip-service to Coolidge, the rank and file of the party were for La Follette. Hiram Johnson had not come out for Coolidge and the bulk of his army—union labor—was actively in the field for his colleague, "Fighting Bob." The Hearst straw ballots were showing La Follette well in the lead in northern and central California and running even south of the Tehachipi.

Did the decision come in the nick of time to whip California back into the regular Republican fold? This

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depends on how well the new propaganda can be put over with the voters. The La Follette movement, denied representation on the ballot in an independent column, has been forced to accept the offer of the Socialist Party to indorse La Follette as the only means of getting their candidate before the people of California. This extremity has been, of course, seized upon by the reactionaries who shout that the La Follette movement is radical. Typical of this propaganda is the utterance of California's governor: "Every bolsheviki, every anarchist, every socialist, will rally to the La Follette banner," he announced.

The defeated thirteen independent electors—one of whom is a millionaire and only one a Socialist—are stumping the State explaining that they are not "reds" and urging the people not to permit the decision to influence their choice for President. They are making the point that if, as the decision says, an elector is merely a "messenger," no one will commit himself to socialism by voting for Socialist "messengers." And while the California reactionaries are denouncing La Follette as a "red," William Z. Foster has been out here denouncing him for being a conservative.

The Line-up in Washington State

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

LA FOLLETTE is opposed tooth-and-nail by the Federated Industries of Washington, which is backing Colonel Roland Hartley, wealthy employing lumberman, for governor on the Republican ticket. One confusing factor in the campaign was the appearance of three so-called La Follette parties, all allegedly spurious, in addition to the authorized La Follette group. One of the superfluous parties remains in the field with a State ticket, another collapsed of its own weight, and the third was barred from the official ballot by the State supreme court, after testimony revealed that this party held its "convention" in a hotel lobby at 1:15 a. m. on primary day, with only ten persons present.

The race here is manifestly between Coolidge and La Follette. This is made plain by Hartley's backers. Fear of victory by the Wisconsin Senator is upon the State's big financial and industrial interests. In a confidential letter to the 3,152 members of the Federated Industries John McIntosh, its manager, writes: "In so far as the State's future progress and prosperity is concerned it would be a calamity if the La Follette crowd, with its communistic principles, were to get control of either State or nation."

Three issues stand out in the State campaign—the Bone water-power bill, the compulsory public-school bill, and the Centralia case. The Bone bill would permit municipalities to operate hydro-electric power plants and sell surplus energy outside their corporate limits. Washington is prodigiously rich in water-force; publicly owned plants in Seattle and Tacoma sell power at the lowest rates in the country. Bone's measure is called "vicious and socialistic" by the Federated Industries. Louis Benedetti of Seattle was convicted of conspiracy to defeat the Bone bill by substituting fraudulent signatures for genuine ones on petitions supporting it. Initiative No. 49 would compel every child between seven and sixteen to attend the public schools, under severe penalties. This would eliminate all private and Catholic schools.

The Centralia case involves the liberties of eight I.W.W. members serving twenty-five to forty years in prison for the death of Warren Grimm, Legionaire, killed when the Centralia I. W. W. hall was attacked by an Armistice Day mob. Two newly found eye-witnesses swear that Grimm was shot while breaking in the hall door; six jurors admit that they were terrorized into convicting the defendants. For a year defense speakers have told audiences throughout the State that no man could be elected governor who would not agree to liberate the eight defendants.

But the prospect of any willing action in the Centralia case by the next governor is slim. Hartley, with the strongest machine and with plenty of money, bitterly opposes the I. W. W. Mayor Ben Hill of Walla Walla, Democratic candidate, apparently has little chance of winning. State Senator J. R. Oman, Farmer-Labor candidate, whose party is pledged to free the Centralia defendants, might win except for the fact that he must share the Progressive vote with three other candidates—Emil Herman, Socialist, who has long urged liberation for the Centralians; David Burgess, Socialist-Labor nominee, who is similarly pledged; and William Gilmore, self-invited "progressive," who was compelled by the courts to drop the La Follette label from his ticket.

Hartley is frankly against freeing the Centralia men. "Probably there *was* a raid on the I. W. W. hall before the shooting," he told me last June. "There ought to have been a raid. I believe in raiding I. W. W. halls if we can't get rid of the Wobblies any other way. They are a menace." Defeated twice at the primaries because of his open-shop activities, Hartley is now patting labor (except the I. W. W.) on the back and approving the eight-hour day. He has sworn that only $1,918.75 was spent with his acquiescence in his 1924 primary campaign. But a Democratic investigation shows that Hartley advertising throughout the State cost at least $25,000 and that $2,125 went for newspaper space in Seattle alone.

The Democrats are backing the Bone bill, and their platform is fairly liberal. But they have a weak machine and a weak press. Their candidate, Hill, is not well known, and old-timers say he comes from the wrong end of the State. For Walla Walla is east of the mountains, a psychological wall in Washington politics.

Edward Clifford, supported by the State Federation of Labor for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, ran a bad third. Letters supporting Clifford, sent out by George Vanderveer, attorney and head of the Seattle Central Labor Council Legal Bureau, drew a terrific backfire from the "conservative" interests. Vanderveer defended the Centralia I. W. W., and it was now widely charged that Clifford had promised Vanderveer that he would free the eight imprisoned industrialists.

W. D. Lane, Bruce Blake, and Justice William Pemberton, running for places on the State Supreme Court, also were supported by Vanderveer and the Labor Federation. These utterances aroused the "conservatives" to fever pitch. Blake and Lane were defeated, and Chief Justice John Main and Justice John Mitchell were renominated. Pemberton ran fourth and must contest with the third man, Judge W. D. Askren, at the November election. Main and Mitchell were both members of the Supreme Court when it upheld the verdict of guilty in the Centralia case, despite proof that John Wilson, trial judge, suppressed a great mass of evidence which would have shown that there was a conspiracy of business men to raid the I. W. W. hall.

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Crystal-Gazing for Parties

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

MR. LA FOLLETTE says truly that parties are born, not made. They are born out of the womb of environment; and even thereafter they are not made—handmade—by the mere will and wish of their owners and operators. Having been conceived and brought to birth by environment, they are nurtured, they are developed, they are matured, by environment. An important part of this environment consists of other parties, which are their rivals.

When our present prospective new party in America, having been born, as it is hoped, out of this campaign, gets its cradle and its nursery and its christening next year, it will find the Republican Party and the Democratic Party existing about it and affecting and conditioning it. The new party will endeavor to be what is called "progressive" and it will endeavor to be a national party, reaching every section of the union. What help, or what hindrance, will it have from the two older parties in the consummation of its ambitions?

It can safely be stated that from the Republican Party it will receive help. The Republican Party, under its present management, is in effect as ardent for a clear cleavage and a perfect split between "progressives" and "conservatives" as any La Folletteite could possibly be. The present Republican management not only wishes the Republican Party to be purified of the whole La Follette element, but it also would like to see it purified in Congress of all those temporizing conservatives who failed to confine themselves to the pure milk of Coolidge's word and of Mellon's food in the matter of the method of taxation reduction. It would also like to purify the Republican Party in Congress of all those demagogic characters who voted for such things as the bonus for ex-soldiers and the pay increase for postal employees.

The people who at present are the top-dogs in the Republican Party are all out for producing a party built on purely business principles. Compared with them, the Mark Hanna Old Guard consisted of demagogues, conscienceless and time-serving and afraid of popular prejudices. The New Guard, much more than the Old Guard, believes that the Republican Party need make no sacrifices to popular prejudices and that if it does what is right from the business standpoint the electorate will follow and approve.

Thus, up to the moment at which these words are written, the White House has issued no statement commending the Senators and Representatives of the Republican Party and asking for their reelection. Such a statement, by precedent, should long ago have been issued. The present Republican Party management, however, is far from being in love with the mass of the present Republican Senators and Representatives. Its immediate interest is to elect Calvin Coolidge. It concentrates on that interest. If it gets a Democratic Senate and a Democratic House of Representatives during the next two years, it will not order any sackcloth or call for any rain of ashes. It will hope, in 1926, to produce a Republican Congress from which many anti-Coolidge conservative Republicans will have been eliminated and in which the Republican majority will be overwhelmingly composed of Coolidgeites correct and convinced and obedient.

This course of policy is by no means unfavorable to the growth of the new progressive party. If the Republican Party under its present management is dissatisfied with even that paragon of conservatism, Representative A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, because he quarreled with Mellon about Treasury statistics, and if it is dissatisfied, as it is, with even the stalwartness of Henry Cabot Lodge, because he voted for the bonus, where will Republicans less conservative and less stalwart go?

At that point certain powerful and quite numerous Democrats will endeavor to prepare an answer. One of the great quiet but determined political efforts of the next four years will be by the Democratic elements which followed William Gibbs McAdoo to wrest all control of the Democratic Party away from the influences which they describe as "Wall Street" and "The Bosses." Their bitterness against the concentrated capitalism of New York and against what they regard (incorrectly, this writer believes) as the anti-progressive and anti-honest politics of Boss George Brennan of Chicago is as intense as any that could be felt by Senator Brookhart or Morris Hillquit.

They back this bitterness with a willingness to toil to vent it. They are determined to toil. They do not intend merely to protest against what they call the reactionary part of the Democratic Party. They intend to try to kill that part of the party. They want to make it into a corpse and tie a ton of lead to it and throw it into the river. Nothing will satisfy them except the utter demise and disappearance of the Tammany element and of the Brennan element from all power and all place in Democratic Party management in the future.

The elements entertaining this view and entertaining this ambition exist widely in the South and widely in the West; and in some degree they exist also in the East. They are not to be despised for bulk or for courage or for energy. They include notable Democratic leaders, and they are angry, and they are all painted up with war-paint and are ready to set forth on the trail, and they have some wampum.

They maintain that "The Bosses" of their party are mere agents of wicked wealth and that wicked wealth either does nothing at all for the Democratic Party or else double-crosses it when it pretends to do something for it and that the correct policy for the rank and file of the Democratic Party is to make an end, once for all, of its whole connection, direct or indirect, with all the wicked predatory privileged interests which do only insincere reverence to the memories of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson.

They may achieve a certain success in forwarding this policy. They rely with some reason upon the existence of a considerable pro-labor sentiment, for instance, now—or still—within the Democratic Party. They note that while the La Follette national organization was able to indorse only three new Republicans now trying to get into the House of Representatives, it was able to indorse sixty-two new Democratic candidates, while at the same time it in-

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dorsed only twenty new "independents." They think that they can compete with the new party for the allegiance of "progressive" labor and "progressive" agriculture.

In any case, if the Klan issue subsides, they may readily be in numerically firm control of the next national Democratic Convention. Then we shall have the new party appealing to "progressives"; and we shall have the dominant element in the Democratic Party appealing to "progressives" and trying to expel the "conservatives" from its reservation; and we shall have the dominant element in the Republican Party trying to expel even "middle-of-the-roaders" from its party counsels and appealing strictly to chambers of commerce, with the conviction that the people will follow that leadership.

Such a situation might give us again three parties in 1928, with the "progressives" split and the Coolidgeites trimphant at the polls. Therefore in the prophetic crystal there may perhaps be discerned during the next four years certain conferences of accommodation between "progressive" Democrats and the leaders of the new party.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not mind confessing that most of his experience with big-game hunting has been in the library. There he has read with breathless interest and burning indignation the tale of some intrepid hunter who sneaked through the African bush and returned with seven lion skins, twelve pairs of elephant tusks, an alligator's eye tooth, and the left hind foot of a hippopotamus. His sporting blood is easily aroused, but it is aroused always in sympathy for the animal against the hunter. So far there is no immediate danger that the human race will become extinct; therefore, the Drifter is on the side of those species for whom extinction is a very real possibility. The massive elephant, the lumbering rhinoceros, the sinuous lion—he would cheerfully sacrifice an occasional member of the genus homo to provide any one of these with a good dinner. And if that member be an ordinary big-game hunter, with no interest in the animal except the "sport" he derives from pursuing and killing it with weapons immeasurably superior to the animal's own, the dinner would doubtless be all the sweeter.

* * * * * *

THERE are, however, certain hunters of wild animals for whom the Drifter has only respect and envy. These are the ones who, leaving their rifles behind for some kind friend to hold, advance armed only with a camera and return with trophies infinitely more valuable than a hide or a tusk. Nor is this sport one to be sniffed at as too easy. The man with the camera gets closer to the animal than the man with the gun, and has only his two legs and his wits to carry him out of a situation that may easily become critical. Thanks to the activities of the "sportsman," the African elephant, for example, has become so timid that he almost never appears except at night. In the day time he stays safely in the almost impenetrable bush, and the eye of the camera can find him in the open only at dawn and not often then. Even the slight click made by the closing shutter frightens the largest living animal; he plunges about in his excitement; sometimes he runs away; sometimes he runs toward this little creature in front of him that has just made such a queer noise. At this moment, were he in the photographer's place, the Drifter hopes that his dignity would not desert him.

* * * * * *

FROM time to time, as he read that there were only a few herd of giraffe left, or that the rhinoceros was becoming scarcer and scarcer, or that the bounty on lion skins in one section of the African jungle was high enough to bring in hundreds of specimens every year, the Drifter has wished that he had a few miles of territory which he might fence around and allow wild animals to roam in unmolested. And to his great delight, he learns that just that has happened, although through no agency of his. The Belgian Government has set aside 250 square miles of territory near the Uganda district; in this sanctuary not a beast nor a plant will be killed or removed by man, although scientists will be permitted to make observations and to take pictures there. The Drifter has already bought his ticket; as soon as the modern Garden of Eden is announced as officially ready he will take his leave. The rest of his life will be spent with his brother the bison and his cousin the gorilla; from time to time he will climb up and peer into one of the three volcanoes that are included in the sacred territory. Doubtless he will often see a zoologist with a camera or a botanist with a microscope. He will remember having seen such an animal before, but will be sure that it is not indigenous to his present abode and will pass it by warily, not quite comfortable until he sniffs its strange scent no longer.

THE DRIFTER

A Communication

The Dawes Plan—The Knell of Internationalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The isolationists are right, more right than they themselves know. The sooner we can rid ourselves of economic relations with Western Europe, the better for us. What economic throes Europe may experience inside of a decade may make her chaos of the last five years fade into insignificance. Oddly enough, I make this prediction at a moment when a large international loan to Germany is achieving brilliant success, when almost everyone in every country expects a great future for the Dawes plan, and when a genuine spirit of optimism for the restoration of the world's economy is developing in all lands. But the reason for my prediction is simple enough. It is that the people of the world are inherently incompetent to deal with the large problems of international business organization.

Prior to the war this fact was not manifest, chiefly because no difficult problems in international commercial organization had come to the fore. For many decades there had been no first-class war to disarrange seriously the currents of trade and industry throughout the world. The delicately adjusted system of international exchange of goods prevailing in 1914 had developed more through organic growth than through the will of specific individuals. Little conscious planning took place.

Then the war of 1914 shattered that system. During the last five years the world has yearned to have it back again. But the system showed no signs of reviving by the organic process through which it first evolved. How could it? For the social organism was diseased. The poisonous emotions of nationalism and race hatred were fed by the poisonous nostrums concocted at Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon.

So the world decided to try to think out its problem rationally. A group of business men, with some trained economists as assessors, was assembled from various countries. Let us try to put ourselves for a moment in their position as they assembled.

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They saw most of the people in the Allied countries and the United States convinced that Germany needed only the will to make large reparation payments. They saw certain Germans, like Dr. Schacht, pathetically eager to make the limit of concession to the Allies in order that the existing impasse might end. So the pressure on them to fix fairly large reparation amounts was strong. But they also saw the fundamental economic blindness of the world. They saw that the Allied countries, while continuing to shout, "Pay us!" would never make it possible for the German goods which would constitute the payments to get inside their borders. And more than that—and it is a serious charge to have to make—they undoubtedly saw that the German Government could not hope to raise in taxation anything but trifling sums over and above its expenditures on German domestic economy.

In essence then, their problem was this: "Shall we, for the sake of order in the immediate future, gamble on the ultimate future? That is, shall we, knowing full well that Germany cannot pay, fix on compromise reparation sums in order to get international economic recovery started, hoping against hope that the process of trying to pay will educate the world to the fact that payment by its very nature is impossible? Or shall we confess candidly that we believe Germany cannot pay and announce that we can do nothing until the world seems a little more intelligent?" They chose the first course. Their philosophy was that the world would learn from this huge scale experiment that large international payments cannot be made unless the receiving countries are willing to modify considerably their own industrial systems. To this end they provided that instead of Germany having to furnish the currencies of her treaty creditors as best she could mobilize and deliver them, as heretofore, the Western governments themselves should shoulder this task, through a Transfer Committee responsible for getting the payments across Germany's borders.

If the German Government itself were likely to have a surplus available for reparation purposes, the scheme might succeed. The Allies would have only themselves to blame for their failure to be paid, and in a few years would presumably offer handsomely and generously to cancel the German reparation debt. However, responsible members of the committee were aware that the chances of a German surplus of receipts were negligible in fact, however much could be demonstrated on paper. And yet they brought forth a plan which makes possible the sale, sooner or later, of billions of dollars of new German securities to the credulous citizens of the western world! I have heard this plan referred to as a stock promotion scheme which if it were on a smaller scale and operated by private individuals, would land its originators in the penitentiary. It might be well to have an international blue-sky law against Dawes plans and similar international get-rich-quick schemes.

If we are right—those of us who are convinced that the Transfer Committee will never have any money to transfer—the problem becomes: What will the Allies and the United States do when their widows and orphans find their German bonds worthless? Mayor Hylan, in writing to President Coolidge on the subject, is no such fool as the New York press would make him out. Granted that at the present time Britain, and to a certain extent the United States and France, are tolerant toward Germany, what will they be when the mails are full of letters asking that Germany be forced to make good her bonds? Our own action toward small Latin-American countries that have occasionally defaulted on loans suggests that we shall demand an official receivership. Why not an Allied-American financial occupation of Germany? "We will administer the German finances until we have put them into sound condition. Then we shall withdraw." The old story. The trouble will be, of course, that any interference with Germany's international affairs, beyond the already drastic participation contemplated by the Dawes Plan, will instantly cause political trouble in Germany, followed by economic breakdown and a more bitter disillusionment than even the past five years have witnessed. The reaction on the rest of Europe would be bitter enough too. Unleavened hopelessness would logically be Europe's portion until an entirely new generation should come to manage her affairs.

And so the Dawes Plan contemplates a fearful gamble with Europe's fortunes. In effect, if it is fully carried out, it converts a rather shadowy inter-government obligation into bonds for which private citizens the world over will have paid out their savings. If Mr. Dawes *et al.* win, they will have contributed greatly to solve the greatest problem of the day. If they lose, they will have their proximate stability at the cost of ultimate disruption. Europe will be plunged into a darkness compared with which the present degree of light over there is dazzling. And being perhaps naturally pessimistic and desirous of protecting my private fortunes, I say, let us cut loose from Europe as soon as it is convenient.

Washington, D. C., October 25 CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH

Correspondence

Science or Superstition?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After a tremendous response from all over the country to my limited appeals, the anti-fundamentalists of San Francisco met together last week and organized the Science League of America (California Division) to combat the efforts of bigots to eliminate textbooks on evolution from the public schools and generally to oppose the substitution of superstition for science. At present the textbook question is in the hands of a committee of nine college presidents, five of these nine colleges being under denominational or other religious influence. The epidemic of medievalism that has swept several Southern States now menaces California, and must be averted by the effective work of all friends of scientific freedom in and out of the State.

I wish that all who are interested in joining with us actively or in giving us their support and cooperation would write me at Box 573, San Francisco. MAYNARD SHIPLEY

San Francisco, September 1

From a Friend of Gandhi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No doubt, Mr. Kunz's letter entitled Against Gandhi will have been answered long ago in your paper, but your readers may care to have the opinion of one who has been with Mahatma Gandhi, both in South Africa and in India, and has not always seen eye to eye with him. While I acknowledge that Mr. Kunz, at the distance of Australia from India, and with very meager newspaper information at his disposal, could draw the picture he has drawn in all good faith, yet to us, who have been with Mr. Gandhi in India all the while, it is strangely out of proportion and perspective. Mr. Kunz does not understand one very simple fact, that if Mahatma Gandhi had *not* stood absolutely for non-violence, after the crowning horror of Amritsar in 1919 there would have been bloodshed and anarchy of the worst description. Again he has not realized that even at Amritsar itself, in December, 1919, Mahatma Gandhi's influence alone turned the scales at the National Congress and carried a vote *for* an acceptance of Reform Councils and a readiness to cooperate in working them. It was the whitewashing Punjab Disorders' Commission, and the Prime Minister's treachery to his promise to India about preserving the Turkish homelands intact, that turned Mahatma Gandhi into a non-cooperator and made him call the bureaucracy "satanic."

I was present in the midst of the Moplah area during the late rebellion and it is an absurd thing to make Mahatma Gandhi responsible for that. There have been about twenty rebellions in the last eighty years in that area, if my memory serves me rightly. The ultimate causes are always agrarian trouble and

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police tyranny. The proximate cause, in the late rebellion, was anger at the treatment of Turkey. If Mahatma Gandhi had been allowed to visit that area, it is probable that there would have been no rebellion at all.

I do personally feel that Mahatma Gandhi unconsciously encouraged violence by burning the foreign clothes at Bombay. It was on his part utterly unconscious; but it had that effect. Yet he made the most noble amends for this; and when violence again broke out at Chauri Chaura, he called off the whole aggressive movement just at the time when nearly everyone of his party was for pressing forward with mass civil disobedience. No political leader, except one like Mahatma Gandhi, would ever have done that. It was the supreme and final test of his sincerity.

Since his release from prison he has done more than anyone to put down violence in any shape or form, in thought and word and deed. He is unquestionably the one supreme personal force in India today which prevents bloodshed. For non-violence is with him, not merely a creed, but life itself.

Santiniketan, India, September 24 C. F. ANDREWS

The Department of Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial appearing in *The Nation* of October 8, last, the following statement is made: "Within a week the Department of Justice dropped a group of indictments against Remus, 'the King of the Bootleggers,' who recently made a statement in behalf of Harry Daugherty." The implication is, I think, quite obvious. The facts have been widely published and could have been easily ascertained by inquiry here. The "group of indictments" referred to were two, among five, counts of the indictment on which Remus was indicted and convicted in Cincinnati. They were dismissed "not within a week" but on July 17—nearly three months before the date of the editorial in *The Nation*.

At the trial of the indictment in Cincinnati Remus demurred to the two counts in the indictment, and the demurrer was sustained. It was therefore impossible to try him at that time on these counts. Remus was placed upon trial on the remaining three counts and convicted. Meanwhile, an appeal had been taken from the judge's determination on the first two counts and the determination of the trial court was reversed on appeal.

Also upon the same evidence, Remus and others were again indicted in the District of Indiana and that indictment still stands against him. In the meantime, and before the dismissal of the two counts referred to on July 17, Remus, together with his wife and sixteen others, was again indicted in the Eastern District of Missouri for conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Act in connection with the Jack Daniels distillery warehouse. This indictment still stands and will be tried as soon as Remus can be placed on trial. There are several indictments pending against the W. P. Squibb Company, which was controlled and organized by Remus.

After securing the indictment in Indiana and in Missouri some of the minor defendants convicted with Remus at the Cincinnati trial would have become entitled to their parole but for the fact that the two counts stood of record against them. In view of this fact, and in view of the fact that the Government had an indictment against Remus upon the same set of facts in Indiana, and a new and much more important indictment against Remus and others in Missouri, it was deemed advisable to dismiss the two counts in Cincinnati so that the minor defendants, who were in a very real sense victims of Remus, might become eligible to parole. Remus will not be eligible to parole so long as the indictments in Indiana and Missouri stand against him.

I am trying to give a decent, honest, and straightforward administration to the Department of Justice. *The Nation* knows that. If it doesn't, it ought to know it. One of the most serious obstacles which I have to overcome is the false and misleading reports of the activities of the Department of Justice given out by responsible newspapers. It is of the first importance that public confidence in the administration of justice should be restored wherever the facts warrant it. Is it too much to expect that a paper of the character and aspirations of *The Nation* should make sure of its facts before publishing false and misleading statements calculated to destroy confidence in the administration of the Department of Justice?

Assistant Attorney General Willebrandt, who gave the instructions to dismiss the counts in the Remus case, is no more capable of committing a dishonest or corrupt act than you are.

I sometimes wonder how long the American people can count upon the services of decent citizens in public office when they are the victims of false and misleading statements such as have been repeatedly made with respect to this department and its personnel since I took office.

Washington, October 14 HARLAN F. STONE
Attorney General

[*The Nation* has never had any question of the decency, honesty, and straightforwardness of Attorney General Stone. It has not the same faith in subordinates who were able to serve under Harry Daugherty. It is glad to print Mr. Stone's letter clearing the record of the department in the Remus case from the disagreeable implications of the newspaper reports on which it based its comment.—Editor THE NATION.]

Anti-La Follette Arguments in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may be interested in a little glimpse of how the campaign against La Follette has been carried on by the reactionaries in southern California.

Two weeks ago we had a mass meeting in the high-school auditorium addressed by Mr. Lew Head, a Pasadena newspaper man, and myself. About seventeen hundred people turned out, which was quite a shock to this "millionaire city." Something had to be done about it, so this morning I open my Los Angeles *Times* and find the headline:

LA FOLLETTE IS HIT BY W. C. T. U.
CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE SOUVENIRS SCORED BY WOMEN

The *Times* tells that a Coolidge lady at a gathering of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union "related to the convention that certain mothers of high-school boys had complained to the Pasadena High School principal that little champagne bottles, bearing the words, 'champagne,' and 'made in Germany,' were distributed among high-school boys and others at a recent La Follette-Wheeler political meeting in the high-school auditorium. The temperance workers resented distribution of such souvenirs at a political meeting and especially among boys, and on motion of Mrs. Elizabeth Paine adopted a resolution against such souvenirs."

This was the first the La Follette-Wheeler committee had heard about these champagne bottles; neither of the speakers saw any such bottles, neither did any member of the committee or any of the workers who distributed literature at the meeting. My wife was in and out of the hall all through the meeting and afterward, and saw no champagne bottles. Needless to say, no member of the La Follette-Wheeler committee had anything to do with giving out champagne bottles, made in Germany or elsewhere. It is evident that somebody who had an interest in injuring La Follette thought of this brilliant plan to do it; maybe some bottles were secretly passed around by such persons. Mr. Lew Head tells me that as soon as he heard of the story he appeared before the W. C. T. U. convention and stated the facts, and that the convention passed no resolution "against such souvenirs," but that it did pass

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a resolution appointing a committee to cooperate with the La Follette-Wheeler committee in tracing down the matter. If the facts are ascertained possibly the Los Angeles *Times* will publish them, but if so it will be the first act of decency committed by the *Times* during the eight years that I have been living in southern California.

Pasadena, October 18 UPTON SINCLAIR

Free the Air!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Radio Corporation is the radio trust. It has control either directly through ownership or indirectly through its affiliations with the other dominating concerns in the radio-communication field of most of the basic radio patents upon which broadcasting depends. This combine includes the General Electric Company, Westinghouse, Western Electric, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as well as other large concerns in the industry. Through its control of the basic patents and more especially through its connections with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which controls 97 per cent of the telephone lines in this country, it has the power to create one single system of broadcasting stations and services throughout the whole United States under the sole ownership of this private bloc.

If this monopoly were under strict governmental control and authority, it could, through its control of patents and engineering facilities, be of great service to the people But the trouble is that large combines having monopolies and special concessions by law have a habit of getting out of hand and then it is necessary to start "trust busting" to give back the people their inheritance. In fact, the combine has already been under investigation by the Government; and radio broadcasting is only three years old!

Yet I suppose that if the Government had complete control of broadcasting, the followers of Anthony Comstock would see to it that the Government would exercise proper censorship compatible with their ideals and their interpretation of the constitutional provision allowing free speech. Neither the Government nor private interests should have the slightest influence over this means of communication. The air should be really free. But since technical limitations and patent monopolies for the present make that unattainable, the control of the air will have to be fought out between the Government and the radio combine.

New York City, July 18 MORRIS KLOSNER

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN MACY is the author of "The Critical Game" and "The Story of the World's Literature" which has been announced for early publication.

ERNEST BOYD is an essayist and critic and the author of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance."

PITTS SANBORN is musical critic on the New York *Evening Mail-Telegram.*

MAX STERN is Pacific Coast correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL has been studying political conditions in the West and Northwest.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a lawyer in Chicago.

R. F. DIBBLE has achieved a reputation as a biographical essayist by his book "Strenuous Americans."

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is lecturer in anthropology and sociology at the New School for Social Research, and is the author of "Early Civilization."

Books

First Glance

LONG before his death Anatole France was the victim in his own country of literary source-hunters who, inspired sometimes by pedantry and sometimes by malice, came out with articles or dissertations tracing his indebtedness to earlier authors. That is to say he was already a classic, and though to be treated so must upon occasion be flattering, it may also humiliate. It is not recorded what he thought of the various books written about him in English during his last years. If he saw them, doubtless he was kind. But none of them was entirely satisfactory. Lewis Piaget Shanks was heavy if comprehensive, and Lewis May, whose "Anatole France, The Man and His Work" (Dodd, Mead: $3) anticipated the death of its subject by the narrowest of margins, has rendered a service which at best is trifling.

Mr. May is the translator of two volumes by the man whom he calls The Master, and his critical study is published uniformly with the standard English edition begun by the house of John Lane. It scarcely deserves the distinction—as perhaps no study which it is possible to write at present would. Mr. May is frankly a worshiper of Anatole France, and for that he will, of course, be pardoned. He is most enlightening, indeed, when he is most abandoned to adoration—as when he relates with awe how one evening in London the great Frenchman threw consternation into the members of the Fabian Society by kissing Bernard Shaw on both blushing cheeks, or when he trembles to tell how The Master once "took my hand in both of his and smiled a smile of such kindly warmth that the glow of it is with me yet." Such tributes to a literary hero show the measure of his contemporary fame. But they do not take us very far into the mind which merited that fame. Neither the biographical nor the critical part of Mr. May's book attains to penetration. The biography is little more than a chain of quotations from Anatole France's four volumes of memoirs; when these do not help a bit of gossip is thrown in, or else whole pages are filled with argument about matters upon which most readers already agree. It was scarcely necessary, for instance, to defend Monsieur France against the authors of the Index. The criticism is weakened by a failure to understand or appreciate the merciless author of "Penguin Island"—that is, the satirist—and by a rather sentimental preference for the beguiling author of "My Friend's Book" and "Pierre Nozière." Mr. May is conceivably right when he predicts that "The Revolt of the Angels" and "The Reine Pédauque" will eventually be forgotten; but his almost exclusive occupation with Anatole France the poet and stylist, the maker of Virgilian music in modern prose, leaves him little space in which to demonstrate that this is so. Especially when he has covered so much valuable paper with summaries of novels that do not submit to summary.

Anatole France, after all, is one of those great writers about whom either nothing or everything must be said. A little critic has literally nothing to say about this man who was perfectly clear; what is there to explain, and what is there to add? His best books were what Plutarch said all good works of art are, old as soon as born yet bound to be fresh as long as there is any audience to look or listen. On the other hand, a great critic has everything to say about this man whose easy thought sped over all the fields which the imagination is accustomed to cross, and whose works, therefore, must tempt one ripest reader to infinite commentary. Doubtless it cannot be expected of Georg Brandes at this late day that he should add two volumes on Anatole France to his others on Goethe and Shakespeare. But his successor at the head of European criticism, whoever that may be, will be commissioned sooner or later—and there is plenty of time—to erect an equivalent monument.

MARK VAN DOREN

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A Tribute to a Master Mind

Chance, Love, and Logic. By the late Charles S. Peirce, the Founder of Pragmatism. Edited with an Introduction by Morris R. Cohen. With a supplementary essay on The Pragmatism of Peirce by John Dewey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE belated recognition of one of the most brilliant intellects in American thought finds expression in this notable volume. It contains two groups of essays, the first on the logical theme (1877-1878) and the second on the philosophical order of nature, cosmic and human.

> Few nowadays question the great value of these pioneer minds; and it is often claimed that universities are established to facilitate their work and prevent it from being lost. But universities, like other well-managed institutions, can find place only for those who work well in harness. The restless, impatient minds, like the socially or conventionally unacceptable, are thus kept out, no matter how fruitful their originality. Charles S. Peirce was certainly one of these restless pioneer souls with the fatal gift of genuine originality.

This editorial comment reflects upon the imperfect provisions for the intellectual life in America, academic or otherwise—a costly failure to provide stimulation for its master minds. A modest offer from a courageous college president would have sufficed in Peirce's case, with what result is now a vain regret or an idle speculation. For Peirce's was a versatile mind. His longest service was upon the United States Geodetic survey (he became an authority on the pendulum); he was a mathematician as was his distinguished father, an astronomer, a logician, a philosopher versed in the history of science and in philology, a reviewer in many fields, a contributor to encyclopedias. For many years he lived a detached life with few contacts and an uncertain income.

The first group of papers in "Illustration of the Logic of Science" present a model of lucidity, directness, and originality and are to be placed among the classics of scientific exposition —an impression confirmed a half-century after their first publication.

> We come to the full possession of our power of drawing inferences the last of all our faculties, for it is not so much a natural gift as a long and difficult art. The history of its practice would make a grand subject for a book. . . . Every work of science great enough to be remembered for a few generations affords some exemplification of the defective state of the art of reasoning of the time when it was written; and each chief step in science has been a lesson in logic.

The theme oscillates between the technique and temper of the logical procedure—proof, evidence, types of inference—and the psychological processes of response—inclination, belief, doubt, habit, action. The solution called truth is often a compromise between the objective and the subjective demands. Man is presumably by nature a somewhat rational animal; and practical pressure (reenforced it may be by natural selection) pushes him toward logicality; yet he uses any slack in the stress of living to fill his mind "with pleasing and encouraging visions," which measure of optimism may likewise have survival value. So logical method gropes its way through the earlier trends of tenacity and inclination, of believing what seems aesthetically attractive and conformable to reason similarly motivated, to the more aggressive method of authority—itself the expression of the social enforcement of the belief-process (for we live together by common belief-habits even more really than by common customs, and are divided by wars of ideas as disastrously as by conflicts of interests)—but slowly yielding to the scientific method of objective proof. "Liberal civilization is a consequence of scientific rationalism."

Through the cultivation of the trend toward rationality always struggling with the emotional urges (anticipating the contrast of the Freudian reality principles with the pleasure and phantasy principles), the order of the universe is established and the scientific mind finds its occupation and expanding orbit. Chance remains and love lingers, yet logic rules. "The character of things" must be related to "the perceptions of and active powers of living beings." The world must be not only one of uniformities but one of uniformities "interesting and important." Otherwise there would be nothing to ask, nothing to puzzle about, nothing to shape conduct or inject it with significant consequences. "The actual world is almost a chance world to the mind of a polyp. The interest which the uniformities of Nature have for an animal measures his place in the scale of intelligence." It is this story, at times technical, at times dramatic, always original and infused with a human interest, that runs through Peirce's notable series of presentations.

In the later group of essays the philosophical replaces the logical focus in Peirce's thinking; yet the germinal ideas—and they are many and the pragmatic formula but one of the many —are logical in temper and inspiration. Whether "the world makes an exact poem or not" is another question; how far is it ruled by chance or love or logic? The stars are not randomly splashed on the firmament; yet they are set by no precise system either. But philosophies are human products (or guesses) and themselves emerge not so much by systematic evolution as by happy thoughts. "To postulate a proposition is no more than to hope that it is true." On the one side the pattern of thought supplied by the rigid conclusions of mathematics which fit and work, and the temptation of metaphysics —"the ape of mathematics"—to posit its conclusions as of like status; on the other the chance spontaneity and variety of biological evolutionary forces. Which contains the clue to the riddle of existence? Is reason inherent in vitality? "The hind legs of a frog reason when you pinch them." Habit is the law by which ideas acquire the power of exciting reactions. Physical events may even take on the appearance of "degraded or undeveloped forms of psychical events." The mystical interpretation invites; and William James referred to Peirce's later speculations as "flashes of brilliant light relieved against Cimmerian darkness." Peirce remarks that "the atmosphere of Cambridge held many an antiseptic against Concord transcendentalism," yet acknowledges that some "benignant form of the disease" may have been "implanted in my soul, unawares, and that now, after long incubation, it comes to the surface, modified by mathematical conceptions and by training in physical investigation." The trend culminates in the concluding essays on "Man's Glassy Essence" and on "Evolutionary Love." It takes almost a mind of Peircian range and reach to follow and reconcile the positions attained, to bring molecules and protoplasm to common terms, and to see the common forces thus objectified again operative in the social world of human sentiments and human needs historically embodied. Mathematical formulae give way to moralized sentiments, and theories of kinetics to criticisms of the Christian gospels. Churches as well as academies are justified by their works: "I willingly confess to having some tincture of sentimentalism in me, God be thanked!" The moral value is recognized, and the idealist emerges. The menace of greed is foreseen, the menace of the too typical human who "wants his Mammon flavored with a *soupçon* of God." There is also prophecy, but with the date set too late: "The twentieth century, in its latter half, shall surely see the deluge—tempest burst upon the social order—upon a world as deep in ruin as that greed-philosophy has long plunged it into guilt. No post-thermidorian high jinks then!"

Just how far Peirce brought to more systematic expression the essential principles of his philosophy, and in what directions, will appear when the contemplated publication of his manuscripts takes form. The present volume is sufficient meanwhile to serve as a tablet in the Hall of Fame of American thinkers.

JOSEPH JASTROW

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Casanova and Galahad

The Green Hat. By Michael Arlen. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Young Archimedes. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE reviewer knows no book more suave and accomplished than "The Green Hat" in the employment of a subtly beautiful style to describe the doings of the most talented of contemporary wasters and to satirize with matchless impudence both those who follow the conventions and those who hope, by breaking them, to escape the absurdity of life. When the story, bubbling with wit, is finished there seems nothing more to say. One could hardly confront such people with the sorry commonplaces of morality or preach to them solemn homilies upon the conduct of life; one knows that either would be annihilated with unanswerable skepticism. And yet, as the characters themselves demonstrate, the life of wit and pleasure alone ends in despair when the maddest music is no longer mad enough to banish the boredom of an aimless life. Beside this novel Mr. Huxley's new collection is thin and harmless, since "The Green Hat" is almost worthy to be compared to "Antic Hay" while the new volume by the author of the latter book is not. The stories which make it up are amusing and charming, but in them he is not, as both he and Mr. Arlen sometimes are, powerful as well.

At their best both of these writers are clearly distinguished from certain other sophisticates of both England and America whom it would be ungracious to mention. While these last are cultivating their irresponsibility with a desperate earnestness and congratulating themselves upon each immorality which their ingenuity succeeds in inventing, the former seem to be chaotic in spite of themselves and actually to hanker after the permanent values which they have so much difficulty in finding; so that their cynicism seems to flow from some source of disillusion beyond their control. Mr. Arlen, indeed, comes out frankly for the simple virtues as the only possible refuge, and in reading even the most nihilistic of Huxley's writings the reader cannot escape the feeling that the author would willingly trade many a destructive flash of wit for some conviction which sophistication could not shake, some standard of values by which life could be judged and found not wholly without meaning. Thus both these writers are at once more destructively brilliant than their rivals and less content with destructive brilliance.

In so far as it deals with any one thing the story of "The Green Hat" is the story of a loose lady who admired chastity, and her predicament is characteristic of all who find themselves in Mr. Arlen's milieu. His personages, one and all, are incapable of leading any but aimless lives, but since aimlessness does not satisfy them the author can swing into something very like moralizing without ceasing to be ultra-smart:

> The Place Vendôme is a paradox in gray stone. Spacious, noble, monumental, it is cast, even at the stranger's first glance, in an everlasting mould. The Place Vendôme is, without doubt, one of the very few things about which we may say with certainty: "That will last." And yet, monumental and everlasting though it is, what do we find in the Place Vendôme? Do we find therein the practice of the seven liberal arts, the learning of the nine humanities, the study of any one among the august array of sciences, nay, the application of any one among the Ten Commandments? We do not. We find forty-eight motor-cars and one coach-and-six. We find that it is given over only to the frivolities of the trivial of two worlds and to every sort of "high-minded depravity" that may occur to the enfeebled wits of the exquisites. We find, in other words, that the Place Vendôme is the center of that floating population of a few thousand dressing tables, sables, and Cachet Faivre of which, under the lofty title of *l'aristocratic internationale,* the Chevalier Gilulio di Risotto [a restaurant-keeper] is the ultimate survivor.

Thus the distinction of Mr. Arlen lies in the fact that while he is an immoralist in manner he is nevertheless a moralist in matter.

Perhaps the English, unlike certain continentals, are temperamentally incapable of getting along without morality or of casting off conscience with good grace, and perhaps it is because of this fact that the two writers who have best described the ultra-sophisticates of that country have ended by a longing for the purity which seems to both largely a myth. If one may judge from their work the young of their group have lost their innocence but not their sense of guilt, so that while they have destroyed their faith in all of the illusions by which human nature has maintained its sense of its own importance they are not happy without them. They lack no kind of "emancipation" in conduct, yet they are not content in the world. They cannot achieve or at least cannot be satisfied with that light-hearted grace and that perfect gesture which among other peoples makes triviality seem to justify itself. Unsatisfied with gallantry, they push on to debauchery; and it is not strange that the writers who describe them turn quickly bitter. Schnitzler can tinge his pictures with sentiment, Anatole France with a tolerant acceptance of human limitations and frailties; but their seasoning is gall and the reason is plain. Casanova and Galahad are, in their respective ways, almost equally attractice persons; but a Casanova with a conscience or a Galahad who must indulge himself in an occasional fling is not pleasant to contemplate. One may escape the cankering conviction of sin in either of two ways—but one must not wander from the road he has chosen.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Eagle Forgotten

Altgeld of Illinois. By Waldo R. Browne. B. W. Huebsch. $3.

ALTHOUGH he was a man of great influence during a critical period of American social history, Governor John P. Altgeld is today obscure, if not unknown. In Mr. Browne's book we find, for the first time, not only the life-story of this significant figure, but what is of even greater importance, the first accurate picture of the social and economic stage upon which he played his tragic role.

The dominant note throughout the life of this man is that of deep, unrelieved tragedy. His boyhood and youth were cramped and dismal; his refusal to sell the government of Illinois to the public-utility interests for a "million-dollar bribe" resulted in the loss of his entire personal fortune; his stand for his convictions in the anarchists' pardon and in the Pullman-strike cases brought down upon him a terrific storm of foul vituperation and personal abuse which shattered his already fragile health and made him a hated figure throughout the land. His views on the social problems of his day, while not of particular penetration, were prompted by a genuine love of mankind; yet his reward was always frustration, calumny, and disaster. Perhaps there is no more cruel and disillusioning story in all the annals of American public life.

Two incidents in Altgeld's administration as Governor of Illinois from 1893 to 1897—the pardon of the anarchists and the Pullman strike—brought him before the entire country under dramatic circumstances. Mr. Browne has gone into these matters with admirable thoroughness, so that for the first time we are given the complete story of those acts which caused both the mob and the "respectables" to vilify this man with a ferocity rarely equaled. It will be remembered that of the eight men tried and convicted for implication in the Haymarket anarchist riot of 1886 all but three had been executed by the time Governor Altgeld came into office. He pardoned these three men, not as an act of mercy, but because he was convinced that their trial had been grossly unfair and clearly illegal. Because he thus dared to assert the right of even the lowliest to the benefit of a fair trial the lupine mob was set upon him by a vicious press, and to the day of his death he was

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generally regarded throughout the country as a bloodthirsty and dangerous person. Because he sought to save a vital principle of democracy he was, ironically enough, pictured as an ardent anarchist!

The storm of abuse which the pardon brought down upon the head of this courageous man was beginning to subside when his encounter with President Cleveland over the Pullman-strike situation again aroused the hounds to baying, and with redoubled fury. President Cleveland had sent federal soldiers to Chicago when the railroad workers under Debs had nearly won their strike; the coming of the troops, together with the famous "omnibus injunction," soon broke the strike. Altgeld protested against the troops upon the ground that the carriers had not made a single request for State military protection, and that he, as Governor, had not asked for federal assistance. Even as recent a historian of this episode as McElroy portrays it as the triumph of virtue and patriotism—Cleveland—over a tiresome and inconsequential, if not actually traitorous, windbag—Altgeld. It is significant that the full facts in this controversy have never before been set forth by any recognized historian.

Mr. Browne makes no attempt to canonize Altgeld, and offers no "interpretation" of his life. His book is a notable contribution to our biographical literature, and should be widely read. It is not too much to hope that it may be the medium whereby the memory of John P. Altgeld may, in the end, become precious to a nation which during his life so despised and mutilated him.

Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Imaginary Souls

Bare Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Harper & Brothers. $3.50.
Imaginary Lives. By Marcel Schwob. Translated by Lorimer Hammond. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

IT would be difficult to find two books which better illustrate two very popular and almost utterly different tendencies in present-day biographical essay-writing than do Mr. Bradford's and M. Schwob's. The "psychographic method" of Mr. Bradford is of course not at all new, in spite of a great deal of foolish criticism that has been written about it; every generation fondly imagines that it has discovered some new method of intellectual approach to the types of art. Essentially Mr. Bradford's method is as old as Plutarch, if, indeed, it is not older. Exposition and analysis, a careful balancing of individual virtues against individual vices, and a constant effort to discover universal traits in particular foibles—these ancient-modern devices form the essence of his art. And one freely agrees that he is probably the best practitioner in this special branch of writing. He is tolerant, perspicacious, and not infrequently shrewd; his phrases often sing; and he possesses that rare form of self-skeptical humility which turns its own weapons upon itself. In short, he is a terribly adequate writer.

His defects are largely the defects of the type. More and more Mr. Bradford interests himself too exclusively in "souls"—his three most recent titles prove the point. He might well have been one of the monks who instructed Fra Lippo Lippi: "Your business is to paint the souls of men. . . . Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!" He can be concrete, and even flesh-loving, on occasion; but he deliberately chooses to be abstract—to philosophize rather futilely on the "insoluble mystery" of existence as illustrated in his clinical subjects. His eight essays, structurally considered, resemble a series of equations: Voltaire = vitality (in this, that, and the other); Walpole = dilettantism (in this, that, and the other); Cowper = hell-dodger (in this, that, and the other); and so on.

If Mr. Bradford is too much the monkish instructor, M. Schwob is Fra Lippo Lippi himself. "Thales might have said 'Know thyself' as well as Socrates, but he would never have scratched his leg in precisely the same manner before drinking the hemlock draught." Art, says M. Schwob, "does not classify, it unclassifies." His book is a magnificent demonstration of his creedless creed—one can actually agree with almost all the effusions printed on the jacket. He does not, Bradford-like, attempt to pigeon-hole individualities in a nicely tabulated and labeled series of generalities; he believes—so far as he believes anything—that the artist should draw "generalities so that they should seem to be individual." Claiming no originality of method, admitting indeed that good old Aubrey is chiefly his master, he, like Strachey, endeavors to shoot "a sudden, revealing searchlight into obscure recesses hitherto undivined." His twenty-two essays are extraordinary examples of terseness, lucidity, and elegant ease.. Too wise to be a mere literary dandy, too sober to be always cynical, M. Schwob ranges with perfect facility over the multifarious careers of "priests, criminals, or nobodies." He is equally at home with a Greek god, a Renaissance mystic, an Elizabethan rogue, or a rip-roaring pirate. From Empedocles to Captain Kidd, from Petronius to Pocahontas, he wings his flight with no apparent effort, his eagle eye detecting every essential detail of the particular landscape over which he is hovering. He has that rare wisdom which realizes that a myth is often more true than what we are pleased to call history. "The science of history leaves us uncertain as to individuals," he remarks.

Mr. Bradford invites dangerous comparison by writing about writers who have already been written almost to death; his eight "bare souls" remain as essentially inexplicable and well-clothed as ever, for, after all, he has given us little but the creations of his own mind. M. Schwob has wisely gone fowling after rarer game. He differs from Mr. Bradford chiefly, perhaps, in this: Mr. Bradford points rather laborious morals for his readers, while M. Schwob, assuming an intelligent audience, chastely narrates individual episodes which throw a flood of light on the dark corners of morality. "While he scratched himself with his uncut nails he observed the twofold profit, as he called it, of wearing down these nails to their proper length while relieving his itch at the same time." One trembles to think what the psychographic method might have made of this incident in the life of Crates the Cynic: "Metrocles . . . lacked tranquillity. Troubled continually by a flatulency he could not control, he resolved upon suicide. Learning of his ailment Crates went to him after first eating a quantity of lupine. When Metrocles confessed himself no longer able to support the disgrace of his infirmity, the cynic showed his disciple how all men are submitted by nature to the same evil." One reader, at least, finds more of the consolations of philosophy in that passage than he would expect to find in silver-mounted psychographs of all the saints in glory.

R. F. DIBBLE

A Savage Kaleidoscope

Pearls and Savages. By Captain Frank Hurley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

STUDIES of primitive life with the aid of a hydroplane and a moving-picture apparatus—such is the last word in twentieth-century ethnography. Captain Hurley has achieved a marvel of photographic description. Not that his word-pictures, inspired by many an experience among New Guinea natives, hospitable as well as cannibalistic, are lacking in vivacity or, for that matter, in accuracy. But these are put in the shade by the superlative excellence of his photography, which thrills the imagination with an entirely new force. Examples may be cited at random.

The portrait of Hamoji, chief of the Sambio tribe, bears witness that an eater of man may yet possess a countenance no less dignified or intelligent than that of an eater of cows and chickens. Nor is this fact wholly to be accounted for by the Semitic features of the gentleman, a circumstance to which the

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captain seems to ascribe undue weight. Such "Semitic" faces are found the world over, from South America to the South Seas and China; their presence need not arouse hazardous speculations about ancient invasions by representatives of the Chosen People. In the modern world experiments in communal living have usually resulted in dismal failure. Not so in primitive days. The Typical Communal Long House which extends like a gigantic caterpillar at the lakeshore of a forest brings material evidence how two tribes, even though distinct in language, may yet live under one roof no less harmoniously than do the host of birds which serve to fill the rest of the picture.

The fact has often been noted that primitive man, while mystical in his philosophy, can apply himself to the concrete tasks of technology with all the matter-of-factness and concentration of a "civilized" expert. No one would suspect magical proclivities behind the interested and businesslike demeanor of the two Babai men, one a teacher, the other a learner of the art of making arrow-heads. Yet magic is merely lurking behind the corner, for the Babai, like other savages, lay aside the craftsman's matter-of-factness as soon as the arrow is finished and call upon magic to explain the mortal effect of the weapon. The coastal folk of New Guinea, like all their Melanesian and Polynesian brethren, are water men. They move about, in and upon the water, with the grace and confidence of aquatic creatures. A beautiful long-range view of their activities is given in the Orokaiva Fishing Fleet, while a close-up at short range of the Goaribari Canoe leaves no doubt as to the athletic prowess of the warrior oarsmen or as to the speed of their slender craft. Many of the natives of New Guinea share with other tribes of Northern Melanesia the institution of the Men's Clubhouse, taboo to women and often devoted to sacred and secret ceremonies. One of these houses, the Great Dubu of the Urama, is seen looming behind rows of warriors. The immoderately tall gable of the entrance suggests the wide gaping mouth of a crocodile ready to destroy any careless uninitiated who may draw too near the sacred precincts.

As between people and people, terror and humor are convertible terms. One wonders whether the risibility of the Urama would be aroused by the humorless hoods of the North American Klansmen as ours is by the sight of their Taboo Goblins, immensely tall masks woven out of palm leaves with grotesque faces on the top which are employed by the old men of the Urama "to keep the village in control and to guard certain fruits and vegetables for use at festival time." To the Urama, at any rate, these goblins are terror-inspiring.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

Books in Brief

The London Adventure. An Essay in Wandering. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

A third volume of extremely diluted autobiography by this over-rated mystic of Wales and London.

Master Richard Quyny. By Edgar I. Fripp. Oxford University Press. $3.35.

A laborious attempt to make William Shakespeare of Stratford real through a portrait of one of his fellow-townsmen. The connection is tenuous and the achievement negligible.

Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic. By Charles Sears Baldwin. The Macmillan Company. $2.10.

Examination by an authority into Greek and Roman theories of composition, with emphasis upon a classical distinction, now too often ignored, between oratory and poetry—perhaps the only rhetorical distinction that ever had a meaning.

A Bibliography of the writings of H. L. Mencken. By Carroll Frey. With a Foreword by H. L. Mencken. Philadelphia: The Centaur Book Shop.

The most revealing survey thus far of the uncanny literary labors undergone by America's most methodical and most inspired journalist. The Foreword gives a hint of the new sort of books which Mr. Mencken expects to write within the next few years.

Why the Weather? By Charles Franklin Brooks, with the collaboration of John Nelson and Others. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Popular meteorology, conveniently and accurately purveyed.

The Depths of the Universe. By George Ellery Hale. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A reprint of three admirable magazine articles upon sunspots, dark nebulae, and the distances between the stars.

Drama

Two Comedies

TO even the most capable actors and the most intelligent directors we are accustomed to give credit for no more than an "interpretation" of the author's work, thus assuming that they cannot, at best, do more than call to the attention those things which, even though latent, the author must have managed somehow to suggest. We forget that the playwright, unlike the novelist, is directly responsible for only a small part of the sum total of impressions which we receive at any theatrical performance and that for many of them he may not deserve, even indirectly, the credit. It is quite possible for the director, the designer, and the company to take hold of a relatively barren script and surround it with gestures, intonations, and backgrounds sufficiently significant in themselves to transform the work, exactly as a novelist may transmute, by his style, his descriptions, and his asides, an unimportant narrative into a charming piece of belles lettres.

Perhaps it was a desire to prove something of this sort which led the Theater Guild to begin its season with a piece so unimportant in itself as Molnar's "The Guardsman" (Garrick Theater). The piece was never more than a bit of ingenious theatricality and time has made it as outmoded almost as "Divorcons"; but Philip Moeller, Lynn Fontanne, Helen Westley, and Dudley Digges have, working together in marvelous harmony, made it one of the current plays indubitably worth seeing. To them, not to Molnar, belongs the credit. Not one word do I remember of the speeches allotted to Mr. Digges, but I have a very vivid memory of the suave cynicism of his Critic; similarly Miss Fontanne is charming and seductive not because of the text she speaks but because of herself; and Miss Helen Westley is never funnier than when, as in the brandy-sipping scene, she has nothing to say, but can make the most of her opportunity to speak with grimaces as eloquent as her delightfully raucous voice. One can hope perhaps that in the future the Guild will confine itself to more important plays, but if it does we shall never again have so good an opportunity of realizing the creative talent of its members.

Decidedly it is fancy rather than research which is responsible for Mr. Edwin Justus Mayer's highly diverting comedy, "The Firebrand" (Morosco Theater). Its hero does indeed resemble in some respects the Benvenuto Cellini whose name he bears, but the author has not burdened himself with history. The Florence of the sixteenth century is, so he must have argued, sufficiently remote to furnish a local habitation and a name to that fanciful city of ideal gallantry where all love to take, in Lamb's phrase, "a moral holiday," so that they may kill their enemies with impunity and love widely without regret. Moreover, the costumes are picturesque beyond all others; so why not father upon Benvenuto the joyous fancies of a poet's brain? The result is a comedy as amusing as it is naughty.

Though the real Italy would have turned his stomach, Congreve would have appreciated Mr. Mayer's vision of it; and Mrs. Behn would have burned with jealousy to think that not

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she but another had conceived a scene so comic and so luscious as that in which the Duke and Duchess, each in *robe de nuit* and each with a candle in hand, are brought to an unwilling *tête a tête* by the mysterious disappearance of their respective lovers, who, as the audience is delightedly aware, have flown to one another's arms. Even to the presence of a *fausse ingénue* the piece is thoroughly Restoration; yet, were it not for the fact that the intellectuality of pure wit somehow antiseptic izes impropriety, "The Firebrand," though that is supposedly sophisticated, would seem innocent entertainment by comparison with Wycherley and Vanbrugh. So charmingly unreal is it, however, that the present reviewer could no more believe that real blood flowed from any of Benvenuto's victims or that more than a few witty indecencies passed between the persons hidden in the Duke's bed than he could imagine the Pure Ideas of Kant guilty of an indecency. And so, speaking for himself, he can say that he was diverted but not corrupted; though in the interest of truth he must confess that when Benvenuto, on the morrow of his one great romance, turned to his work with the sad exclamation "Night does not burn with that ecstasy but once," there arose from the darkness of the theater a sigh, feminine and middle-aged, which seemed to say: "How true that is!"

The only unfortunate feature of the evening is the acting of Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, who seems somehow to stay outside of his role and to achieve no more than mechanical and humorless swagger. Frank Morgan is, however, excellent as the amiable but degenerate Medici who gets a reputation for leniency because he cannot remember to hang those whom he has decided to execute; and Hortense Alden as the *fausse ingénue*, always eager and eternally innocent, is as good as she was in a somewhat similar role in "Liliom."

"The Farmer's Wife" (Comedy Theater), a placid but amusing comedy of Devonshire, is somewhat broadly acted by the Coburns. "Cock o' the Roost" (Liberty Theater) is a brightly written comedy in which two young people decide that money is not necessary to happiness and then are saved the necessity of testing their theory by achieving wealth with that celerity common to all young men in the domestic pieces manufactured for Broadway.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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"Dynamic Sociology" and "Current History"
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Temporary Chairman: John Farrar, Editor of *The Bookman*
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International Relations Section

The Fight Against Opium

WE reproduce below a single page of the great petition which will be presented to the opium conference at Geneva this month. This page includes the names of several of India's most noted leaders, among them Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, R. Chatterjee, editor of the *Modern Review* of Calcutta, and K. T. Paul, President of the All-India Christian Council. The signature of C. F. Andrews, writer and friend of India, whose opinions of Gandhi are printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, appears below that of Gandhi. The Anti-Narcotic Society and the American representatives at the Geneva conference will fight for the abolition of narcotic drugs except in a limited amount for strictly medical use.

Petition of the White Cross, No. 1846

International Anti-Narcotic Society, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.

To the International Opium Conference

The undersigned, viewing in the growing addiction to narcotic drugs a deadly menace to individuals and to nations, an insidious, rapidly spreading poisoning of the human race, which can be overcome only by cooperation among all nations, respectfully petition the International Opium Conference assembling in November, 1924, to adopt measures adequate for *total extirpation of the plants from which they originate*, except as found necessary for medicine and science in the judgment of the best medical opinion of the world.

DIRECTIONS: All persons of voting age may sign. When signatures are secured party in charge please return to White Cross International Anti-Narcotic Society, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A., for transmission to International Opium Conference. Blank forms for petitions and further information sent on request. Additional sheets may be attached to this. Use one side of paper only. WRITE PLAINLY. USE INK WHERE PRACTICABLE.

Name of Organization, Firm or Person	*Address*	*No. of Members in Organization*
M K Gandhi	Sabarmati	
C F Andrews	Santiniketan	
Ramananda Chatterjee	Santiniketan	
Rabindranath Tagore	Santiniketan	
Fernan Benoît	Do.	
H P Morris	Do.	
Balvir Singh	Santiniketan	
Kanakarayan T Paul.	President, All-India Christian Council.	

British Labor and Chinese Brigands

THE connection between civil war in China and European imperialism and the responsibility of the British Labor Government for the continued disorder and the suppression of the liberal movement of Sun Yat-sen are discussed by Bertrand Russell in the following article which we take from the *New Leader* (London) for September 19:

British policy in China illustrates some of the difficulties of constitutional as opposed to revolutionary socialism. I make no doubt that not a single member of the present Government has the least idea of what is being done by British officials in China, for China is considered unimportant, since its population is only about the same as that of Europe. It is impossible for any one in England, even the Prime Minister, to know the truth about any event in China until six weeks after it has happened. The telegraphic agencies, and the British diplomatic and consular representatives, transmit such news as they think good for us, not without a certain economy of truth. It is true that the Russians have established their own telegraphic agencies, which give opposite propaganda, but are equally indifferent to fact.

Many war-lords contend for mastery in China; each governs in some province or group of provinces; and seeks to

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extend the area of his authority. They are merely ambitious men, despised by all decent Chinese, but their rivalries are convenient to the Powers. . . .

There is one exception, and only one, to the rule that the Chinese war-lords are merely ambitious brigands. That exception is Sun Yat-sen, who holds power in Canton. He is a veteran leader of Chinese radicalism, the pioneer of republicanism. He led the revolution of 1911, which overthrew the Emperor, and decreed a parliamentary regime. But he stood aside after the revolution had succeeded, in the hope of preventing civil war. This hope proved vain, not through his fault. Since 1920, he has been in power in the south. Some of the best authorities maintain that his is the only legal government in China. His policy has been enlightened. He has favored the proletariat, done all that was possible to suppress opium and gambling (the twin vices of China, encouraged by foreigners), and endeavored for years to cooperate with the Soviet Government, which has only recently received formal recognition from Peking.

This man has been singled out by the British in Hong Kong for a bitter and unscrupulous enmity, partly by means of propaganda, partly by fomenting rebellion. The temper of the official world in Hong Kong is illustrated by the fact that two years ago a British naval officer stationed there was compelled to retire because his wife was opposed to the continuance of slavery in Hong Kong—and this in spite of the fact that the agitation with which she was connected was successful. Our conflict with Sun Yat-sen began over the Cassel Agreement. This was an arrangement which we had been negotiating with the former government, by which the British would have acquired a virtual monopoly of the railways and mines in the province of Kwangtung (the hinterland of Canton). When Sun Yat-sen acquired power this agreement was awaiting ratification. Very properly he refused to ratify, and from that moment we regarded him as our enemy.

Early in 1922 a great shipping strike broke out in Hong Kong, and received support from Sun Yat-sen. The British authorities resisted until the whole Chinese population of Hong Kong set to work to leave the town in a body; then they were compelled to give way. (Of course the strikers were wholly in the right.) This incident did not increase the love of the British officials for Sun Yat-sen. Recently he has been in conflict with certain of the merchants in Canton, who have received from Hong Kong such support as our officials dared to give. This incident is too recent for the truth to be as yet wholly ascertainable. It is known that a Fascist militia, intended to carry through a rebellion against Sun Yat-sen, has been organized among the merchant class of Canton, and that a Norwegian cargo of arms intended for their use has been seized by Sun Yat-sen's Government. Certain further facts are given in a well-informed article in *L'Humanité* (September 8). It appears that the leader of the Fascist army in Canton is a manager of the Canton branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, which represents British power in the Far East. . . .

Communists mistakenly represent the Canton Government as a proletarian government, engaged in the class war. This view is altogether un-Chinese. Only an infinitesimal minority of the population of China is employed in modern industrial undertakings, and Chinese questions are therefore not such as Communists are in the habit of considering. The outlook of Sun Yat-sen and his Government is more analogous to that of our Liberals of forty years ago. He would like to diminish abject poverty, but does not aim at an economic revolution. His chief crime, in British eyes, is that he wishes to retain what is left of Chinese independence. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, which decides what shall be thought about Chinese questions by English people (whether Labor ministers or not), naturally wishes to control as much as possible of the railways and mines of China. Sun Yat-sen has the support of practically all the genuine public-spirited Chinese, and if he were to succeed China might be in a position to resist foreign aggression. . . .

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The Daily Tribune	54,704	54,704
The Post	48,522	
The Daily Herald-Examiner	3,021	
The American	782	
The Journal	44	
The Sunday Herald-Examiner	7,192	
The Sunday Tribune	5,111	
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The fighting which is going on in the neighborhood of Shanghai is of little immediate importance. It is part of the struggle between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, which has been going on for years. Chinese battles are seldom bloody, and wars are waged with little effect on the general population. Even the *Times*, never too friendly to China, remarks that the fighting "leaves time and energy for movements of a very different kind. Commerce and agriculture persist. Nothing seems to stop the growth of the remarkable educational movement in China, which is now being extended to the poorest villages by means of a simplified script" (September 11). In the same issue, however, the *Times* points out with approval how, under Western influences, war is beginning to become as serious as in Europe. The pet of the British and Americans in China is the so-called "Christian" General, Feng Yu-hsiang, whose army, the *Times* states, "is out and away the best in China, and his 10,000 troops, who are not afraid to come to close quarters and use the bayonet, would walk through any provincial troops, which in general are disinclined for anything but long-range fighting." This, apparently, is what Christianity is understood to mean in China: military discipline and the bayonet.

There is one very simple question which one would have hoped to see satisfactorily dealt with by the present Government, and that is the question of Wei-hai-wei. By the terms of the lease, we were to hold it as long as the Russians held Port Arthur, which they lost nearly twenty years ago. Nevertheless we are still there. It is admittedly totally useless to us. Nevertheless we are still there. Lord Balfour, at the Washington restored to China at once. Nevertheless we are still there. . . .

It is clear that, in regard to a distant country like China, which is not in the forefront of British politics, we cannot hope to see any policy such as the Labor Party can approve carried out while the Government works through officials who are opposed to all its aims. Ministers are far too busy to go behind the information supplied to them, but those who supply it have such a strong bias that they are certain to color their reports, even when they intend not to do so. I do not think Labor's policy will ever be adequately carried out until a certain number of men who are in sympathy with it are placed in important official posts, both in the Foreign Office and in the diplomatic service.

I do not urge that we should actively support Sun Yat-sen; I urge only that we should be genuinely neutral. It is not desirable to interfere in the internal affairs of foreign countries, even on the right side. At present, in China, we interfere surreptitiously, but always on the wrong side. The bulk of the British in China prefer the most corrupt and reactionary elements among the Chinese, and are never weary of inveighing against those who have had a Western education. The true ground of their objection is that educated Chinese are better able to see through and resist Western intrigue. Unless some special effort is made to check the information derived from British banks, British merchants, and British officials, our Government is bound to continue to serve the interests of capitalism in China, however little Ministers may wish to do so.

The Nation for November 26

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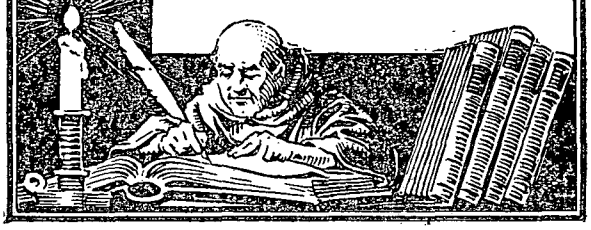

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